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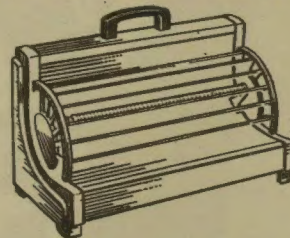
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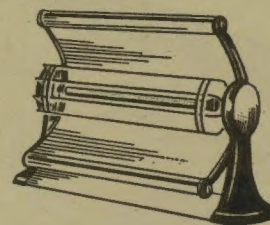
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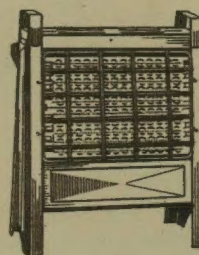
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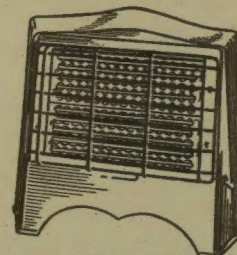
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1954.



THE FOUR-POWER CONFERENCE IN BERLIN: (TOP PHOTOGRAPH) MR. EDEN (LEFT), MR. MOLOTOV (CENTRE, FACING CAMERA), MR. DULLES (RIGHT) AND M. BIDAULT (WITH BACK TO CAMERA). (LOWER) MR. EDEN (LEFT), AND MR. MOLOTOV TALKING TO THE BRITISH HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR GERMANY, SIR F. HOYER MILLAR.

On January 25 the opening meeting of the Foreign Ministers of Great Britain, U.S.A., France and the U.S.S.R. took place in the former Allied Control Council building in the American sector of Berlin. M. Bidault (France) was the first speaker and he was followed by Mr. Eden. Both Ministers emphasized their desire that the Conference should first concentrate on dealing with problems concerning Germany and Austria. M. Bidault said that the Conference met in an atmosphere of hope and that it was important that the Foreign Ministers should not betray it. Mr. Eden, who

devoted much of his speech to need for free German elections, said the question of freedom was inseparable from the problem of elections. "We cannot, of course, compromise on this." Mr. Molotov replied that it would be "inadmissible" to involve Germany or any part of it in the European Defence Community, and threatened that E.D.C. would lead to the creation of an "alliance of other European countries." He ignored the question of free elections, but proposed the convening of a Five-Power Conference, to include China, after the present meeting had finished.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

SIR DAVID ECCLES' spirited address to the City Fathers on the rebuilding of the devastated areas in the City of London has attracted, as it deserved, much attention. The City, he pointed out, has "an importance far beyond the few hundred acres that lie within its boundaries." "Two acres," as Hilaire Belloc wrote,

just south of the Strand
Is a good situation for land;

and south of Fleet Street or Cornhill, within the City's sacred precincts, it is presumably still better. And it is not, of course, its mere monetary value, great though that is, that creates its importance. It lies in what Sir David justly and aptly calls "an age-old marriage of commerce and prestige." And that prestige arises from something more than wealth or even long history. It arises from probity and the light of trust that shines through a shady and uncertain world wherever probity is known to exist. And in no department of human life does this virtue count for more than in commerce. It is because men all the world over have come, as a result of long dealing and experience, to believe that a merchant of London will honour his word that so much commercial business has been centred in London. It is only fitting that the building that above all others still dominates London's skyline and has long dominated it should be the domed temple of a Faith that proclaims that all men are equally deserving of just treatment and that every man should do unto others, with love and fair dealing, as he would be done by.

The Minister of Works' plea, most timely and imaginative, is that in this work of rebuilding the City "standards of fine architecture and craftsmanship" should be adopted "which transcend the humdrum limits of commercial utility." "I fear," he said, "that unless swift and effective decision is taken we shall see fat and familiar, mediocre and characterless neo-Georgian architecture rising from Hitler's ruins to betray the confident spirit of the new reign." And he proceeded to suggest certain general principles that would help those responsible for the rebuilding to achieve the desired result. The first is to give architects of imagination the chance to express with freedom and generosity the genius of their age; the second to set up a co-ordinating authority, not to force the individual architect to sink his individuality in a hard-and-fast plan but, in a generous spirit of co-operation and give-and-take, "to produce with his neighbours enough of a harmony—in horizontals, skyline and materials—to create a noble effect in the area."

Sir David said more. In a phrase which one would have expected from a poet rather than a politician, he stressed the mysteries of the City's skyline and weather against which its architecture must be built. "The light in London is never brilliant, shaving like a razor the surfaces and angles of a building; London beauty is misty beauty and London colours are water colours." And curiously enough, on the very day I read the Minister's speech, I heard a poet saying over the air much the same thing. In a B.B.C. programme, John Betjeman, asked what constituted beauty in English architecture, emphasised the necessity of outline in a climate and landscape which, cloudy and aqueous, offers few outlines. That art of drawing lines in mist is the genius of our architecture—of Salisbury spire or Bell Harry. And most of all is it in a great city where, of necessity, good building is an essay in skyline. That is why eighteenth-century London was such a beautiful town, dominated as it was by Wren's dome and belfries.

To make men love their country, Burke wrote, we must make their country lovely. Here is the heart of the matter: the conviction—not a mere half-felt fluctuating opinion, but a passionate conviction, rooted in belief—that beauty serves an enduring human purpose that is an end in itself. Without such a conviction in architect and client alike—and how few in our age of seedy materialism possess it!—great architecture cannot arise. Nor without it can the process be stayed that is fast turning, not only urban, but rural England from the most beautiful land in Europe into the ugliest and dullest. The problem lies in the lack of any real belief, either among the public or those who serve it, that beauty of outward form serves any useful purpose at all. An illustration can be seen in the wholesale destruction now being carried out by Authority of the elms which for centuries have been the distinguishing mark of our southern counties—the traditional guardians of the English skyline whose beauty Constable painted

and Milton, Gray and Tennyson described. Their great height, their splendid and intricate silhouettes against the winter sky—more lovely even than the exquisite tracery in our Gothic cathedrals—and their festoons of summer foliage have for centuries dominated the English scene: a cathedral close south of the Trent without elms would be almost as unthinkable as the flag of St. George without a cross. "They are scenically," Mr. Bonacina has written, "highly sensitive to light and atmosphere, and of all our familiar trees I think elms are most immediately responsive to all the subtle variations of English weather."* Yet from every part of the country I hear the same tale; of well-meaning bureaucrats, filled with a townsman's conviction that elms are dangerous to life and limb, using their new-found authority to order the levelling of these beautiful trees. Only to-day I heard of a park in one of our midland counties—which had been

taken over by the Ministry of Works for some purpose for which planning consent had been given on condition that its trees were left untouched—being immediately denuded of a splendid avenue of elms, long the pride of the neighbourhood. When the local planning committee protested it was informed that the Ministry regarded the trees as dangerous. "I would rather," the official expert is reported to have written, "that all the elms in England were felled than that danger existed to a single child."

If such a statement was really made by someone in authority, it shows the quality of modern official thought. It would be interesting to know whether the same expert holds that all motor vehicles should be forbidden the highways rather than that the least danger from them should exist to a single child? Or that every commercial aircraft imperilling our overbuilt countryside from above should be grounded? And if not, why not? The answer, one suspects, is that the expert does not really place the safety of that single hypothetical child above every other consideration. Cross-examined, he would almost certainly admit that he did not place it above commerce or cheap transport or pleasure-motoring or scientific "progress" or the right of company-directors and film-stars to be borne rapidly over our heads in large, inflammable aircraft! He only places it above the useless beauty of the English landscape. Yet in the past a great many Englishmen have given their lives in England's service in the belief—an apparently mistaken one—that in some indefinable way they were preserving from violence and destruction the land they loved. There is a passage in one of Rupert Brooke's letters—quoted in the "Oxford Book of English Prose"—in which he gives expression to this very thought: about a friend in 1914 who felt that a certain "holiness" in the soil of England was being threatened by an invader. "He felt the triumphant helplessness of a lover. Grey, uneven little fields, and small, ancient hedges, rushed before him, wild flowers, elms and beeches, gentleness, sedate houses of red brick, proudly unassuming, a countryside of rambling hills and friendly copses." A man who wishes every elm in England to be destroyed rather than that danger should exist through a remote chance to a single child would obviously regard such sentiments as unbalanced and romantic nonsense. Yet what if the love of a countryside full of potentially falling boughs should cause,

not one imperilled child, but tens of thousands to grow up with a love of their native land and a selfless desire to serve her? Might it not prove in the end that it was the "expert" who was talking romantic and unbalanced nonsense? For the perception of beauty, it is the belief of the writer of this page, is even more important to man than physical safety; more necessary and far more attainable. For safety, though we cut down every tree in England, banish all transport from our roads, strip the roofs and chimney-pots off our houses and abolish schools, churches, cinemas and all other places where our children can pick up dangerous germs, is not attainable in this world, either for young or old. But a perception of the glory of God and the fleeting grandeur of man is; and to raise noble buildings and plant beautiful groves and gardens is to glorify God and dignify man. That a modern Minister of Works, in an age of destruction and materialistic blindness to spiritual values, should perceive this and proclaim it as his creed is like the promise of hope contained in the leaf floating across the waste of waters from Mount Ararat to the Ark.

* "British Forest Trees in the Weather Scene." L. C. W. Bonacina. ("Weather," Vol. VIII, No. 8; August, 1953.)



A GREAT ENGLISHMAN CARVED IN ENGLISH OAK: THE LATE GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON, ESSAYIST, NOVELIST, POET, DRAMATIST, CRITIC AND PHILOSOPHER, AND WRITER OF "OUR NOTE BOOK" FOR OVER THIRTY YEARS.

This statuette of the late G. K. Chesterton has been carved in old English oak by Mr. Thomas J. Murphy, who was given sittings by G.K.C. at Beaconsfield for a portrait bust, a replica of which is now in St. Paul's School, Hammersmith, where Mr. Chesterton was educated. Mr. Murphy later modelled a statuette of Mr. Chesterton which was exhibited at the Royal Academy a few years ago, and he has since carved the one in oak which is shown here. Mr. Chesterton, who was born in 1874, contributed to our pages as the writer of "Our Note Book" for nearly thirty-one years. His first article appeared in our issue of September 30, 1905, and they continued week by week, until his death in June 1936.



KEY TO FIGURES ON RIFLE: (1) MUZZLE. (2) BARREL. (3) FRONT END OF GAS PISTON CHAMBER. (4) BATTLE FORE SIGHT. (5) WOODEN COVER OF PISTON TUBE AND BARREL. (6) DOTTED LINES INDICATE THE POSITION OF CARRYING HANDLE, WHICH FOLDS ON TO RIGHT SIDE OF RIFLE. (7) COCKING HANDLE. (8) MAGAZINE HOLDING 20 ROUNDS. (9) "BREAKING" HINGE, FOR OPENING RIFLE. (10) TRIGGER. (11) CHANGE LEVER FOR SAFE, SINGLE-SHOT, AND AUTOMATIC FIRE CONTROL.

(12) PISTOL GRIP. (13) OPTICAL SIGHT. (14) REAR BATTLE SIGHT. (15) CATCH CONTROLLING OPENING AND LOCKING GEAR TO "BREAK" RIFLE FOR CLEANING, ETC. (16) BUTT. WHITE DOTTED LINES ROUGHLY INDICATE THE POSITIONS OF THE GAS PISTON TUBE, BARREL, BREECH-BLOCK IN CLOSED POSITION, TRIGGER MECHANISM, SEAR, HAMMER AND (IN STOCK) BREECH-BLOCK SPRING. ITS WEIGHT IS 9 LB. 3 OZS. AND ITS LENGTH 41½ INS.

ADOPTED FOR THE BRITISH ARMY, AND FIRING THE STANDARD N.A.T.O. ROUND: THE BELGIAN-DESIGNED F.N. '30 INS. RIFLE, AND ITS SUPERSEDED RIVALS, WITH AN EXPLANATION OF THE PARTS AND THE FIRING CYCLE.

On January 19 the Prime Minister announced in the Commons that he had agreed that the new British rifle should be superseded by the Belgian F.N. '30 rifle as more suitable. It was equal in performance, but simpler in design, and so quicker and easier to make and maintain. There was, moreover, a greater prospect that the Belgian model would be adopted by a number of N.A.T.O. countries. A standard '30 round had already been accepted by N.A.T.O. Our artist shows the new rifle compared with the standard '303 No. 4 rifle and also the British E.M.2 7-mm. (.280-in.) model. The F.N. has been developed by the Belgian "Fabrique Nationale d'Armes de Guerre" of Liège. In its present

form it weighs 9 lb. 3 ozs. (a few ounces heavier than the No. 4), but its ammunition is 10 per cent. lighter. Its magazine holds twenty rounds, and will be interchangeable with the Bren magazine when that has been modified to the new ammunition. It will also be loaded from five-round clips. It can fire sixty aimed rounds (on single-shot firing) against about fifteen with the No. 4 rifle. The optical sight is British-made and marked with a vertical arrow for 200-yards range and two horizontal gratitudes for 300 and 400 yards. If the optical sight is damaged, the fore and back battle sights can be used. The cartridge is rimless and expands on firing, to obtain obturation.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH OFFICIAL CO-OPERATION.

THE ROYAL TOUR: SOUTH ISLAND, AND LAST DAYS IN NORTH ISLAND, N.Z.



SHOWING THE BEAUTY OF THE SETTING: THE TRENTHAM RACECOURSE WHICH THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE VISITED FOR THE WELLINGTON ROYAL CUP MEETING ON JANUARY 14.



THE ROYAL FAREWELL AT GREYMOUTH, LARGEST TOWN ON THE WEST COAST OF SOUTH ISLAND: HER MAJESTY, WITH THE DUKE, TAKING LEAVE OF THE MAYOR.



CHRISTCHURCH'S TREMENDOUS WELCOME TO THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: HER MAJESTY, FOLLOWED BY HER HUSBAND, IN THE "MOST ENGLISH CITY OUTSIDE ENGLAND," WHERE THEY SPENT A CROWDED FOUR DAYS.



ARRIVING FOR THE CIVIC BANQUET AT CHRISTCHURCH ON JANUARY 19: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE.



THE ARRIVAL AT NELSON CIVIC RECEPTION ON THE CATHEDRAL STEPS: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE WITH CIVIC DIGNITARIES, WHILE CHEERING CROWDS LINE THE STREET.



AFTER THE CIVIC RECEPTION ON THE STEPS OF NELSON'S CATHEDRAL: HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE. NELSON, AT THE HEAD OF THE TASMAN BAY, SOUTH ISLAND, IS A CITY OF 21,600.

The plans for the long programme which the Queen and the Duke fulfilled at Wellington were specially arranged so that as many children and elderly people as possible might have the chance of seeing the Royal visitors. When they went to the beautifully situated Trentham Racecourse on January 14 for the Wellington Racing Club's Royal Cup meeting, they drove through the grounds of Silverstream Hospital on the way, so that some 300 elderly people and a number of crippled children might greet them. The weather was perfect, and her Majesty presented the Wellington Royal Cup to Mr. G. W. Hartstone, whose *Golden Tan* won the

event. The Queen and the Duke reached South Island, famous for its mountain scenery, lakes and glaciers, by air on January 16. Their first port of call was Blenheim, and they then went on to Nelson, where they attended a civic reception on the Cathedral steps; and went to Morning Service on January 17 before flying to Westport and Hokitika and going on by car to Greymouth, in the Westland, which in the 1860's was the centre of the gold rush. On January 18 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived at Christchurch, capital of Canterbury province, where during their stay they fulfilled many engagements.

THE ROYAL TOUR: OFFICIAL AND INFORMAL OCCASIONS IN NEW ZEALAND'S CAPITAL, AND AT MASTERTON.

DURING their stay at Wellington, North Island, the capital city of New Zealand, the Queen and the Duke carried out a very full programme; and the State engagements fulfilled by her Majesty included several which form historic landmarks in the annals of the country. The Royal Opening of Parliament, which we illustrated in our last week's issue, was indeed the supreme

(Continued below, left.)

(RIGHT.) THE ROYAL GARDEN PARTY AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, WELLINGTON, ON JANUARY 13; THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, FOLLOWED BY H.E. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND LADY NORRIE, ARRIVING.



(ABOVE.) LAYING A WREATH ON THE WELLINGTON CITIZENS' WAR MEMORIAL ON JANUARY 11, BEFORE ATTENDING THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE STATE LUNCHEON: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE.

(Continued.) moment of the tour; and the laying of the foundation-stone of the new Anglican Cathedral of St. Paul to replace the present wooden building was another important occasion. We illustrated this in our last week's issue by a radio photograph, but publish the picture on this page as it gives a clearer record of the occasion. After her Majesty had laid the foundation-stone she presided over a meeting of the Privy Council, the first ever conducted by a reigning Sovereign in New Zealand, and in the afternoon of that day, January 13, a Garden Party was held in the grounds of Government House. Everywhere the Royal couple went they were greeted with great enthusiasm. On January 15 the Queen and the Duke visited Masterton, in the centre of the prosperous Wairarapa sheep-raising district, making the 66-mile outward journey by rail and returning by car.

(RIGHT.) LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW ST. PAUL'S ANGLICAN CATHEDRAL, WELLINGTON, WHICH WILL REPLACE THE PRESENT WOODEN BUILDING: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

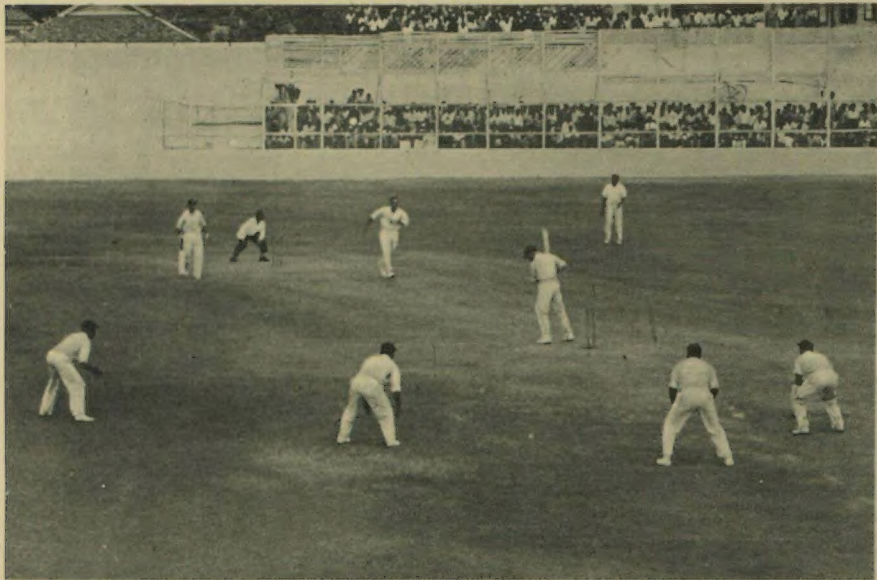


AN INFORMAL MOMENT: THE QUEEN AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, WELLINGTON, WITH H.E. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, MAKING FRIENDS WITH HIS DAUGHTER'S DOGS; WHILE THE DUKE (RIGHT) WATCHES.



THE RECEPTION AT MASTERTON: THE QUEEN HOLDING AN ANIMATED CONVERSATION WITH ANNETTE KELTIE, SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD QUEEN'S GUIDE.

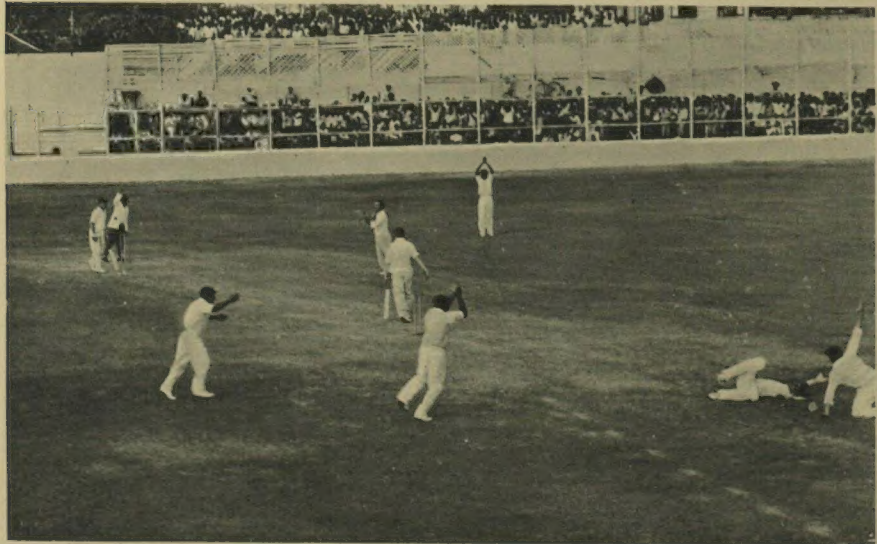
THE WEST INDIES WIN THE FIRST TEST MATCH.



THE FIRST WICKET TO FALL IN ENGLAND'S FIRST INNINGS: WATSON BOWLED BY GOMEZ FOR 3. IN THE SECOND INNINGS WATSON MADE 116.



THE WEST INDIAN SPIN BOWLERS, RAMADHIN (LEFT) AND VALENTINE, WHO WERE MAINLY RESPONSIBLE FOR ENGLAND'S COLLAPSE IN THE FIRST INNINGS.



THE FINE CATCH WITH WHICH THE WEST INDIAN WICKET-KEEPER, MCWATT, DISMISSED TRUAMAN FOR 18 OFF GOMEZ'S BOWLING, IN ENGLAND'S FIRST INNINGS.

The first Test match against the West Indies began at Kingston, Jamaica, on January 15 and ended on January 21 with victory to the West Indies by 140 runs. It was a remarkable match, notable for two collapses by England. West Indies batted first and, despite England's four pace bowlers—Trueman, Statham, Moss and Bailey—scored 417, Holt being the top scorer with 94. England in their first innings could only reach 170 against the bowling of Gomez, Ramadhin and Valentine. May was top scorer with 31. The West Indian captain, Stollmeyer, did not enforce the follow-on and West Indies batted again, declaring at 209 for 6, with Weekes the top scorer at 90 not out. When England batted again they needed 457 and on the first day of this innings looked like getting them. Hutton and Watson scored 130 before Hutton was out for 56, and when the second wicket fell (Watson, 116), the England score was 220. The remaining eight wickets fell on the last day for 96 runs, Kentish taking 5 wickets for 49.

KOREA: RELEASE OF ANTI-COMMUNIST P.O.W.s.

On January 14 General Thimayya, the Indian chairman of the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission, announced that since the Commission had no authority to detain the prisoners after January 23 or to release them to civilian status, they would be handed back to their captors in prisoner status. The United Nations indicated that they would release all their prisoners as civilians, but the Communists insisted on the prisoners' "right to refuse release," and said they would not accept. On January 20 therefore some 22,000 anti-Communist North Koreans and Chinese were returned to the United Nations, who immediately released them in civilian status; and the Koreans were returned to the South Korean Government while the Chinese were despatched to the Chinese Government in Formosa. The pro-Communist prisoners, about 350 in number, including 21 Americans and 1 Briton, remained in camp in the demilitarised zone under a token guard, but were free to go if they wanted to. At the date of writing they had not moved.



SORTING OUT THE RELEASED ANTI-COMMUNIST KOREAN AND CHINESE PRISONERS OF WAR: U.S. MARINES, WITH HUGE SIGNS, WAITING TO DIRECT THE TRAFFIC FROM THE CAMPS IN THE DEMILITARISED ZONE.



INDIAN OFFICERS LEADING THE FIRST BATCH OF NORTH KOREAN ANTI-COMMUNIST PRISONERS FROM THE DEMILITARISED ZONE TO UNITED NATIONS TERRITORY, WHERE THEY WERE RELEASED BY THE UNITED NATIONS.



EN ROUTE FOR FREEDOM: NORTH KOREAN AND CHINESE ANTI-COMMUNISTS, PACKED INTO LORRIES READY FOR TRANSPORT, THE KOREANS TO SOUTH KOREA, AND THE CHINESE TO FORMOSA.

THE WAR IN INDO-CHINA: FRENCH UNION TROOPS ON THE OFFENSIVE.



FRENCH AIRCRAFT RECONNOITRING THE RUNWAY AT DIEN BIEN PHU BEFORE TOUCHING DOWN. THIS IS THE AIRFIELD OF THE FRENCH UNION STRONGHOLD NORTH OF LAOS.



FRENCH TROOPS, FORDING A STREAM IN THE COURSE OF AN ADVANCE TOWARDS THE SONG TRA LY, PASS BESIDE A PAGODA, DURING "OPERATION GERFAUT."



A YOUNG AND WOUNDED PRISONER BROUGHT IN BY A VIETNAMESE PARACHUTIST DURING A RECENT ATTACK ON A COMMUNIST POCKET TO THE NORTH OF SENO.



A FRENCH UNION HELICOPTER COMES IN TO PICK UP WOUNDED DURING A PARACHUTE ATTACK NORTH OF SENO. IN THE FOREGROUND A COMMUNIST CASUALTY IS LYING.



TAKING A VIETMINH PRISONER, WHO AFTER BEING WOUNDED HAD TRIED TO CONCEAL HIMSELF IN A PILE OF STRAW. AN INCIDENT DURING RECENT OPERATIONS.



DURING AN ADVANCE THROUGH DENSE COUNTRY FRENCH UNION TROOPS ENCOUNTER COMMUNIST STRONGPOINTS, APPARENTLY ABANDONED BUT REQUIRING A RECONNAISSANCE.



FRENCH UNION TROOPS WATCHING THEIR AIRCRAFT BOMBING WITH NAPALM THE LAST VIETMINH ENTRENCHMENTS AT HINE SIU, TO THE NORTH-EAST OF SENO, IN CENTRAL LAOS.

During the course of January, the somewhat confused situation in Indo-China seemed to shift a little in favour of the forces of the French Union. The two points of especial interest were Dien Bien Phu, the strongpoint just to the north of the border of Laos, which the French seized and proceeded to build up into a fortress lying astride any Vietminh advance from the north into Laos; and the area to the north of Seno, where late in the year the Vietminh had made a sudden surprise advance to the Mekong River on the Siamese border. The Communists

were reported to be building up very large forces near Dien Bien Phu, and it appeared that at any day they would risk a major battle, which the French Union forces were awaiting with confidence. Meanwhile in Central Laos, the Vietminh threat was fading, and such engagements as were joined were in favour of the French Union forces. On January 21, moreover, the French High Command announced that they had launched a "vast offensive" to reconquer the Annam coast with both overland and amphibious forces.

THE RELIGIOUS WHIRLWIND OF 1540-1558.

"THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND. Vol. II. *Religio Depopulata*"; By Philip Hughes.

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

LAST week I wrote here about a new and excellent Life of St. Thomas More, and made the one reservation that the author had glided over the fact that More, in his judicial capacity, had administered the laws, in his time valid, against heretics. This week there comes to my hand the second volume of a history of the Reformation in England, by a Catholic priest, which evades no known fact and glosses over no recorded cruelty. The work is so full, so fair, so dispassionate, that I am sorry that I never came across the first volume (which error I must soon repair) and shall look forward with eagerness to the next.

I am not suggesting that the burnings, beheadings and hangings, drawings-and-quarterings are the most important features of the Reformation from the historian's point of view. But they have certainly been so greatly emphasised that they have tended to dominate the popular mind; and in a Protestant country the chief emphasis has naturally been laid on the crimes of the beaten party. Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" was for generations almost a second Bible in English farmhouses and cottages; and to the ordinary Englishman a reference to the Reformation called up little more than pictures of "Bloody Mary" and her Smithfield Fires, with a cameo of Guy Fawkes dangling thereunder.

Two things should be borne in mind in this connection. One is that the recorded atrocities were equally thorough whichever school of thought or calculator of expediency was in power. If "Bloody Mary" were a just term so always would be "Bloody Henry," "Bloody Edward" (though one can't think that a learned child who mounted the throne at nine initiated much persecution), "Bloody Elizabeth" and even "Bloody James." Henry VIII. butchered with great impartiality all who defied his will, whatever their religious creed. Without a qualm he would have beheaded a Catholic man in the morning for refusing to admit his headship of the Church, and burnt a Protestant in the afternoon for declining to accept some doctrine of the Catholic Church, of whose

her son Reginald Pole had been made a Cardinal and also (no doubt) because she was the daughter of the Duke of Clarence and consequently one of those superfluous and potentially dangerous Plantagenets whom Henry and his father were so sedulous to eliminate. To the ordinary offender the attitude of the authorities was simple: "recant and conform." One trouble was that the views of the authorities

All reading of history provokes one to perpetual conjectures, beginning with "if," or "suppose," or "if only"; and amongst Fr. Hughes' most fascinating pages are those in which he gives an account of Pole's intentions had he reached England earlier, and the manoeuvres which delayed his arrival until the Spanish marriage had taken place with its irrevocable consequences. He himself was a passionately patriotic

Englishman; this Charles II. knew and with subtle cunning delayed and delayed him, with fatal consequences to Charles's own objects. Pole wanted an English monarchy, not a Spanish one: he also, both a gentle and a strong man, would have come as a mediator, willing to compromise on points which were not vital. Both tolerance and sense were shown by his attitude towards the Church lands, which had been confiscated, annexed to the Crown, or handed over wholesale to the new nobility and gentry, thereby making them suspicious of any régime which might threaten their possessions.

The goods were ill-gotten. But twenty years had passed since the abbey lands were suppressed, and certain abbots dragged on hurdles to their deaths. Strict justice might ordain the return of the lands to the Church. But, also in justice, such return could not be effected, quite apart from its mundane impracticability. For lands had, quite legally, passed from hand to hand, and many of them were now in the

possession of people who must be regarded as having a prescriptive right to them. Pole was quite clear on the point. The lands were to be retained; but should the owners of any of them be willing to make restitution for conscience' sake they would be blessed indeed. Even as things were, the questions occur: had Mary lived, had Pole lived, had the persecution been mitigated? We do not know; and to pursue such matters is merely an intellectual game.



"BEHIND THE PALE, PHLEGMATIC COUNTENANCE OF THIS ELDERLY SCHOLAR THERE BURNED A REAL FURY OF ZEAL..." THOMAS CRANMER, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, 1533-1556. From the signed painting by G. Fliccius, in the National Portrait Gallery. The portrait represents the Archbishop in the prime of his life, a man fifty-four or fifty-five years of age.



STEPHEN GARDINER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, 1531-1555. From a portrait at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, the college which was to Gardiner the real heart of his life, where he had lived as a student and which he ruled as master, from his twenty-eighth year until the end of his life, save for the time he spent in the Tower, in the time of Edward VI.

changed from year to year. The majority of the population, willing to parade in public with private reservations, adapted themselves to the repeated changes to which the passionately convinced on either side would not assent; above them there were not merely Vicars of Bray but Bishops of Bray who preferred to save their skins. But tyranny was continuous. If Henry VIII. sent people to the stake for lack of Catholic orthodoxy, his younger daughter executed priests merely for celebrating the Mass in private.

And the second thing to remember is this: that to the public mind executing a man (a man who differed from one, that is) for his religious opinions was not as repulsive as it is to us. Calvin no more minded burning one who would not accept his orthodoxy than did Torquemada himself. The very victims themselves, or many of them, would have willingly inflicted on others the torments which they themselves endured, and in many instances had actually inflicted them. Cranmer's death has often been treated as a saintly martyrdom, but he had sent a woman to the stake. As Fr. Hughes says: "That an Anabaptist woman should, upon conviction, be burnt alive was as much a routine business to the Reformer as, to Stephen Gardiner, the burning of Joan's associate, Anne Askew, as a Sacramentary, had been a routine business five years earlier." Religion apart, the whole matter of capital punishment was regarded differently then, and for centuries later. Under the Hanoverians thieves were sent to the gallows in droves; and it was late in the eighteenth century that the last woman was burnt at the stake in England—for coining. Between the Reformation and her, how many old crones had gone to the flames as witches. They were servants of the Devil; which is precisely what the persecutors in both religious camps thought their opponents to be.

This borne in mind, Fr. Hughes tells his story fully, coolly, and with ample documentation. His job here (and he never forgets it) is to tell the story. He has his convictions, but his task is not to preach or proselytize, but to exhibit his facts with the minimum of comment, letting them speak for themselves, and illuminating them with extracts from letters written by men of various sects and nations. All the time, however, he never loses sight of the characters in his story. We get clear pictures of a host of them: monarchs, ecclesiastics, theologians, politicians, common folk, all involved in that whirlwind, and swayed by a diversity of motives, beliefs, ambitions and fears. The most sinister and bewildering of all remains Henry VIII., who is reputed to have said: "If I thought my cap knew my thoughts, I would fling it into the fire"; and the noblest, More and Fisher having passed from the scene, Henry's cousin, Cardinal Pole, who too late landed in England as Legate, became Archbishop of Canterbury, and died on the same day as Queen Mary.



REGINALD POLE, 1500-1558, "WHO TOO LATE LANDED IN ENGLAND AS LEGATE, BECAME ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, AND DIED ON THE SAME DAY AS QUEEN MARY."

From the portrait, by an unknown painter, now in the possession of R. S. A. Arundell, Esq. It was painted round about 1543, when Pole was forty-three.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Reformation in England," Vol. II.; by Courtesy of the publishers, Hollis and Carter.

He must be a learned man indeed who does not learn something new about the period from this monumental book; and a set man who does not find his views (not necessarily doctrinal) in some degree sensibly modified.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 170 of this issue.



HIS "CAREER ILLUSTRATES ADMIRABLY HOW THE REFORMATION COULD BE A GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR A CATHOLIC ALREADY MATURE IN YEARS WHEN THE BUSINESS BEGAN": JOHN RUSSELL, EARL OF BEDFORD, 1485-1555.

Reproduced by gracious permission of her Majesty the Queen.

tenets he was intermittently a stout defender. A procession of his victims would be a mixed concourse indeed: men and women of all classes, saints and fanatical blasphemers, Catholics, Lutherans, Anabaptists and a miscellany of Lutheran cranks, with a scattering of inconvenient persons like the aged Countess of Salisbury, who went to the block because

THE AVALANCHE TRAGEDY: MOVING SCENES FROM BADLY AFFECTED AREAS.



ILLUSTRATING THE DEVASTATION OF THE VILLAGE AFTER THE AVALANCHE HAD OVERWHELMED IT: SCHRUNS, AUSTRIA, WITH RESCUE WORKERS SEARCHING THE RUINS.



PREPARING TO LEAVE INNSBRÜCK WITH DOCTORS, MEDICAL SUPPLIES AND TWO TRAINED SEARCH-DOGS: AN AMERICAN HELICOPTER *EN ROUTE* FOR A STRICKEN AREA.



A MISHAP TO A RESCUE WORKER: THE SWISS HELICOPTER WHICH CRASHED WHEN ATTEMPTING TO LEAVE FOR A STRICKEN AREA WITH A DOCTOR.



THE MASS BURIAL OF VICTIMS IN SCHRUNS, IN THE VORARLBERG PROVINCE OF AUSTRIA: THE FUNERAL SERVICE IN THE MAIN SQUARE, WITH THE FLOWER-LADEN COFFINS IN ROWS.



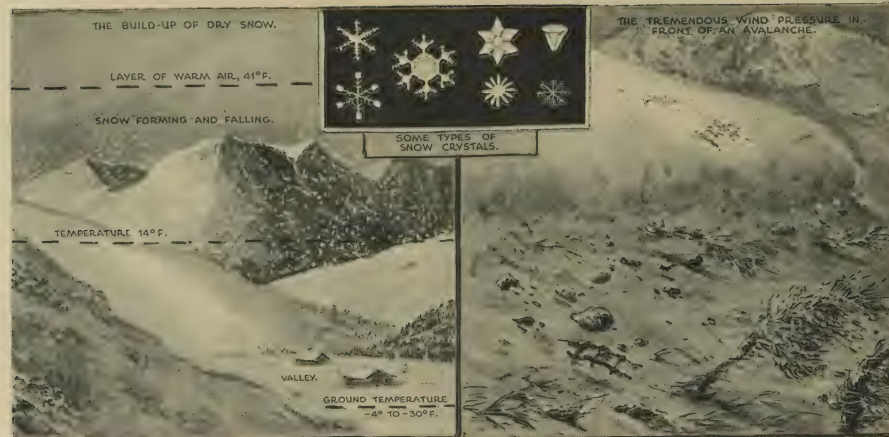
WHERE EIGHTEEN FARM BUILDINGS ONCE STOOD IN THE VILLAGE OF SCHRUNS: RESCUE WORKERS SEARCHING FOR MEN OR ANIMALS WHO MIGHT, IT WAS FEARED, STILL BE IN THE ENGULFED AREA.



THE SAD JOURNEY TO THE CEMETERY BY SLEDGE: FIREMEN PULLING THE COFFINS OF THE SCHRUNS VICTIMS THROUGH THE SNOW. THE WHITE COFFIN (CENTRE) IS THAT OF A CHILD.

These poignant photographs indicate the extent of the devastation caused by avalanches that struck Austria and Switzerland [also illustrated in our last week's issue]. Rescue work in the Vorarlberg province of Austria, where, in the Grosse Walser Valley, the catastrophe was particularly extensive, was hampered by the heavy snowfalls and the danger of further avalanches. On January 15 rescue workers were cut off, as the road into the valley was blocked; and the main burden of supplying its inhabitants, as well as the rescue army of 1000 strong, fell on the American and Swiss helicopters. Helicopters, indeed, proved invaluable

in the rescue work, as they not only transported supplies of all kinds, medical personnel and trained search-dogs used for finding people and animals known to be buried, but also evacuated injured persons to safety areas. One helicopter crashed when landing at Blons, the worst-affected village; and one Swiss helicopter crashed when taking-off with a doctor; and both passenger and pilot were injured. The number of the victims was well over 100 dead, and as late as January 15, workers at Blons were still searching for eight persons known to be buried. In this issue we give two pages of diagrammatic illustrations of how avalanches occur.



THE BASIC CAUSE OF ALL AVALANCHES IS A HEAVY SNOWFALL. WHEN THE SNOW FALLS INTO COLDER GROUND TEMPERATURES, IT LIES AS DRY SNOW; BUT IF THE GROUND IS WARMER THAN THE UPPER AIR, WET SNOW IS FORMED.

AN AVALANCHE IS PRECEDED BY A RUSHING WIND. PART OF THIS IS FORMED BY THE SIMPLE DISPLACEMENT OF AIR BY THE MASS OF THE AVALANCHE; BUT DRY SNOW CONTAINS MUCH AIR WHICH IS FORCED OUT OF IT BY THE MOVEMENT AND CONSEQUENT COMPRESSION.



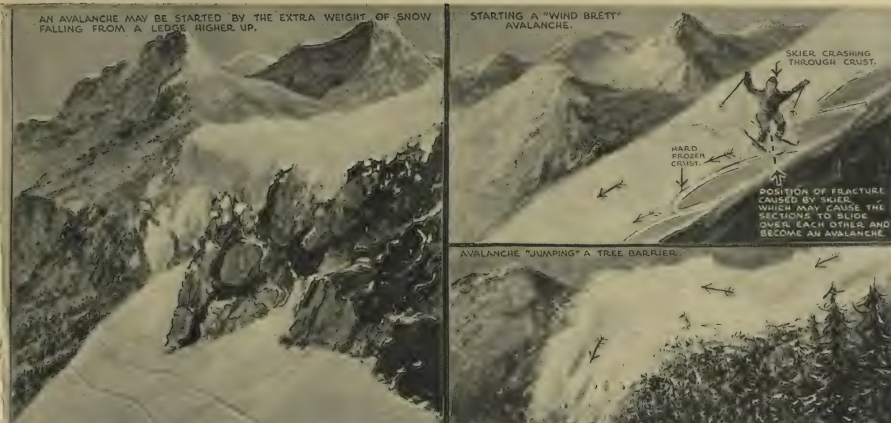
DRY OR POWDER SNOW HAS NOT THE CONSISTENCY OR WEIGHT OF WET SNOW—IT WEIGHS ABOUT 1½ CWT. A CUBIC YARD—YET IT IS USUALLY THE MAIN CONSTITUENT OF THE LARGEST AVALANCHES, GENERALLY FORMED OF NEWLY-FALLEN SNOW. IF SUFFICIENT FALLS, A FRACTURE CAN OCCUR, FOLLOWED BY A "CREEP" LEADING TO A CASCADE.

HOW THE INNOCENCE OF SNOW TURNS INTO THE TERROR OF AN AVALANCHE: DRAWINGS

The recent avalanche disasters in Austria and Switzerland, reported elsewhere in this issue and also in our last issue, have reminded us of the dangers and terrors of what is so often a cause for joy and a symbol of innocence—snow. Everyone is familiar with the avalanche in its simplest and commonest form—the slide of snow from a roof, which is one of the most noticeable signs of a thaw. The only distinction between this and the destructive Alpine avalanche with its trail of widespread death and destruction is one of scale. All materials have an angle of safety at which they may be piled in a slope before sliding; and in the

case of snow, especially dry snow, this angle of safety is exceptionally high, owing to the fact that snow is crystalline in structure and the crystals tend to interlock and so cohere. Further, dry snow is light in weight—about 1½ cwt. per cubic yard—and contains much air. With really heavy falls, however, the weight of the snow builds up and the general structure of the mass is compressed. A crack or fracture of the surface may occur for various reasons; the surface below the fracture begins to "creep," and presently the whole slope begins to cascade with a gallant cumulation of effects, compression, expulsion of air, gain of weight relative to

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS



AN AVALANCHE ON A SLOPE MAY BE CAUSED BY FALLS OF MELTED SNOW FROM A HIGHER LEVEL OR LEDGE, WHERE A RISE OF TEMPERATURE COULD CAUSE MASSES OF SNOW TO TOPPLE OVER AND SO PROVIDE THE NECESSARY STARTING MOMENTUM FOR A SNOW-SLOPE BELOW.

"WIND BRETT" ARE MASSES OF SNOW IN SLAB FORMATION LIKE THE TILES OF A ROOF; AND SOMETIMES A SKIER'S WEIGHT CAN MAKE THEM SLIDE. IN THE LOWER DRAWING WE SHOW HOW AN AVALANCHE CAN LEAP OVER A TREE BARRIER.



ILLUSTRATING THE MOTION AND NATURE OF THE ALPINE AVALANCHE AND SOME OF ITS CAUSES.

mass, and increase of speed. Wet snow is very much heavier—about 15 cwt. to the cubic yard—and in addition is liable to produce layers of water which can act as lubrication for the sliding snow. Wet snow avalanches also tend to "snow-ball" and to suck up the snow from the slopes they traverse. When, for whatever reason, snow lying in quantity on a dangerous slope is in an unstable condition, many things may cause it to move. A loud noise, the vibration of passing aircraft, a gust of wind, or a skier breaking through crusted snow—any of these may suffice. In particular when snow is lying in "wind brets," a slab-like

WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF SWISS EXPERTS.

formation which can resemble the tiles of a roof, these slabs can be disturbed by a skier and caused to slide one over the other. Masses of snow piled above a rock-wall may be partially thawed and so fall like an ordinary roof slide, or to precariously stable slopes below and set these slopes off. A person caught in an avalanche is advised to struggle with a swimming action and so create a breathing-space if he is buried; for wet snow can suffocate him, and although dry snow contains air, if he breaks it in it will melt, fill his lungs with water, and so drown him. There is little hope in a wet snow avalanche.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

SAPONARIAS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

AS a family, the Saponarias might be described as rather "mere." A relatively small family of mostly undistinguished poor relations—second cousins, once, if not twice, removed—of the great Dianthus family, with all its elegant, fragrant pinks and its innumerable opulent carnations. The best that the Saponarias can boast of are one species which has made good as a brilliant, useful, easily-grown garden plant; another which went into commerce—the soap business—and failed; and a number of somewhat obscure rarities.

The family name, Saponaria, derives from the member which went into commerce, *Saponaria officinalis*, the common Soapwort, known also as "Bouncing Bet." "Soapy Sam" would surely have been equally appropriate. The juice of the leaves of *Saponaria officinalis* makes a lather with water, and may be, and has been, used for washing purposes. In this country it grows as a naturalised alien, both in gardens and as a wild plant. It varies greatly, from white to rather dreary tones of pink, some single-flowered and some double. A perennial, it seeds about and colonises freely, usually too freely. Growing to a height of a couple of feet or so, it always strikes me as a loutish plant, with rather blowzy flowers, though on one occasion it succeeded in getting me thoroughly worked up and excited. Somebody brought to me at my nursery office at Stevenage a single, snow-white double flower, like a small gardenia with a heavy, sweet perfume. The specimen had only about an inch of stem, with no leaves attached. Here, I thought, is a plant which for years I had hoped to find—if such a thing existed—a double form of the fragrant night-blooming white campion, *Lychnis vespertina*. After a good deal of enquiry and many false clues I tracked the plant down to a cottage garden some miles away, only to find that it was nothing but the white form of "Soapy Sam." Curious how misleading a single blossom without leaves of some plants can be. Fishing in the River Teme, below Leintwardine, in Herefordshire, I have seen acres of *Saponaria officinalis* growing in wide expanses of sandy, gravelly ground, left by the river flooding and changing its course. Growing thus in wild abandon, it should be a fine sight. But to me, at any rate, it is completely unconvincing. It suggests a charabanc full of slum aliens out for a day in the country—bless them!

Saponaria lutea is, I think, a rare plant. It is certainly rare in cultivation. I have never met it at any show, or in any garden—except a few specimens which I had collected. These tolerated my company for a year or so, and then departed. It is a small, tufted plant, growing 2 or 3 ins. high, with heads of flowers which I have seen described variously as yellow, dirty yellow and pale-straw yellow. Dirty yellow is unjust. "Dirty yellow" and "dirty white" should be reserved solely for really sordid plants, which *Saponaria lutea* certainly is not. I have only found the yellow *Saponaria* in one place, at the lower end of the lake at Mont Cenis, near the outlet. It is reported, too, from the southern slopes of Monte Rosa. Although I have collected it more than once, and treated it with the utmost care and respect, I have never managed to keep *Saponaria lutea* growing in captivity for very long. Reginald Farrer says that it is not perfectly hardy, and the R.H.S. "Dictionary of Gardening" says "rather tender." I don't believe it. Rather tender plants do not grow in the Alps at an altitude of 7000 or so feet. The plant has a woody root-stock,

and probably collected specimens resent the disturbance of being dug up and taken across half Europe to a very different climate. Probably seeds would give the best chance of success with this wilful, temperamental little fusspot of a plant. Anyway, it is not a smashing beauty to break one's heart over. But one hates to be beaten.

Saponaria ocymoides is the one member of the family which has really made good as a garden plant. Easy to grow in any light soil and in full sun, it forms a single tap-root, from the crown of which it sends out numerous trailing stems to form a low-spreading mat

a couple of feet or more across, which covers itself in summer with myriads of small, pink blossoms closely packed into a solid sheet of colour. In colour the flowers vary from pale pink to full, deep rose pink or near crimson. I once had a white-flowered variety, but thought little of it. The plant likes to trail down a sunny slope and takes a high place among the showy, mat-forming, rock-garden plants, aubrietias, rock roses, alyssums, *Gypsophila repens*, and the rest. It is first-rate for giving a brilliant show of colour in the rock-garden, where it demands a good deal of room, and is equally valuable for the wall-garden. The plant is very easily raised from seed, and specially good colour forms may be increased by means of cuttings.

A few years ago a most attractive and valuable variety made its appearance under the name *Saponaria ocymoides rubra compacta*. It is, in effect, a compact-growing edition of the ordinary *S. ocymoides*, with flowers of a particularly rich and brilliant colour; a deep rose verging on carmine. This excellent little plant is especially useful for smallish rock-gardens, in which the normal form is apt to grab too much territory. But it deserves a less cumbersome name.

At Mont Cenis I once saw a superb display of *Saponaria ocymoides* growing in association with *Calamintha alpina*. These two covered what must have been an acre or more of rough, stony, broken ground with a rich patchwork carpet of warm rose-pink and violet. This association of colours always strikes me as particularly happy and effective, whether in the wild or in the garden. In the high Alpine hayfields one often sees it when the pasture is largely composed of the deep rosy Sainfoin, and the violet-blue *Salvia pratensis*. In the rock-garden or the wall-garden the dwarfer form of *Saponaria* would be particularly good for growing in association with *Calamintha alpina* to give this particular colour contrast, as the two plants form mats very much of a size, that is a foot or 18 ins. across. The normal *Saponaria ocymoides*, growing as it does to 3 or 4 ft. across, would be apt to swamp the *Calamintha*.

It was at Mont Cenis many years ago that my wife discovered and collected a form of *Calamintha alpina* with lavender-blue flowers. A most charming plant, which rather surprisingly came true from seed. It was distributed from my Six Hills Nursery under my wife's name, *Calamintha alpina* "Phyllis Elliott." I lost it during the war, but no doubt it is still grown in a few rock-gardens. Mont Cenis was a very favourite hunting-ground of mine. As a centre for fine Alpine plants it was equal to the Col de Lautaret, though I never liked the hotel accommodation as much as at Lautaret. The lake full of fine trout was an attraction, although the fishing was reserved for an Italian angling club and supplying the hotel. Trout were brought in alive and stored in a tank of running water let

into the hillside near the kitchen door. If you wanted trout for dinner you saw the chef, who came with a landing-net, unlocked the iron door guarding the tank, and scooped out a trout to suit your needs and appetite, anything from a pound or two up to five or six. Pink-fleshed, they were, and most delicate eating. I believe the place was badly bombed during the war, but doubtless the hotel is functioning again by now. The last time I was there the Italian military had contracted a tiresome habit of lobbing shells—I never discovered where from—into a certain high gully, the home of *Viola cenisia* and other delights. And they lobbed them in without any discoverable warning.



"THE ONE MEMBER OF THE FAMILY WHICH HAS REALLY MADE GOOD AS A GARDEN PLANT," *SAPONARIA OCYMOIDES*, "FORMS A SINGLE TAP-ROOT, FROM THE CROWN OF WHICH IT SENDS OUT NUMEROUS TRAILING STEMS TO FORM A LOW-SPREADING MAT A COUPLE OF FEET OR MORE ACROSS, WHICH COVERS ITSELF IN SUMMER WITH MYRIADS OF SMALL, PINK BLOSSOMS..."

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.



"A MOST ATTRACTIVE AND VALUABLE VARIETY" OF *SAPONARIA OCYMOIDES*: *S. o. RUBRA COMPACTA*, "A COMPACT-GROWING EDITION... WITH FLOWERS OF A PARTICULARLY RICH AND BRILLIANT COLOUR; A DEEP ROSE VERGING ON CARMINE."

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

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REBUILDING AND REINFORCING THE SEA DEFENCES OF CANVEY ISLAND: WORKMEN ALIGNING CONCRETE BLOCKS ON A SETTLED CLAY BASE.



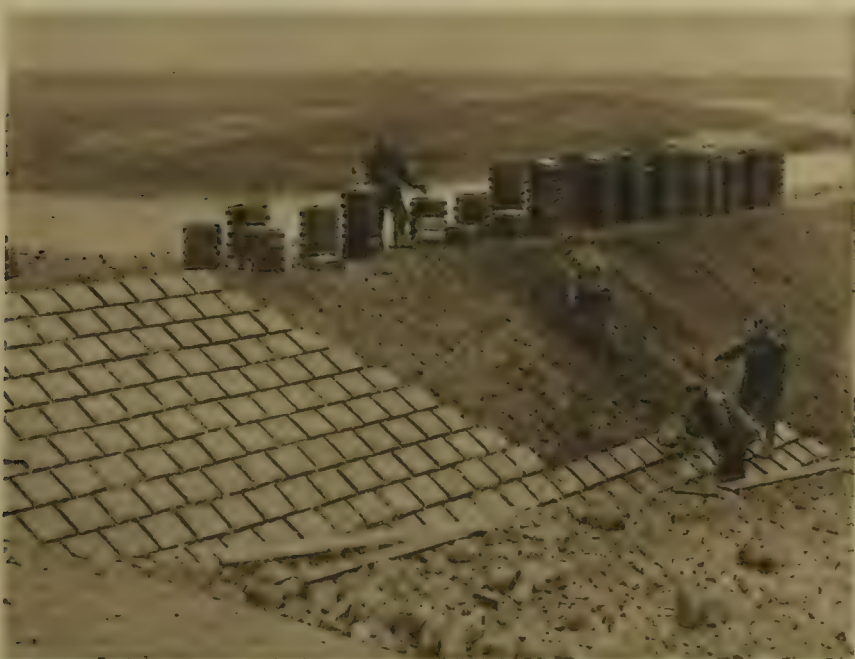
(ABOVE.) PART OF THE NEW SEA WALL ON ABOUT FIVE MILES OF THE CANVEY ISLAND SEA FRONTAGE. THE STEEL PILES ARE CAPPED WITH A PRECAST CONCRETE COPING.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE STEEL WALL WHICH RISES FROM THE NEW SEA WALL ALONG THE ESPLANADE AT CANVEY ISLAND. AT INTERVALS CAN BE SEEN GAPS FOR ACCESS TO THE BEACH.



AFTER THE CONCRETE BLOCKS HAVE BEEN LAID ON THE SETTLED CLAY BASE (SEE TOP LEFT PHOTOGRAPH), THESE BLOCKS ARE SEALED WITH BITUMEN.



WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE NEW SEA WALL NEAR SMALL GAINS CREEK, CANVEY ISLAND. TWO LARGE DAMS HAVE BEEN BUILT IN DANGER SPOTS NEAR THE CREEKS.

Almost exactly a year ago to-day (January 30) and on the night of January 31/February 1, 1953, the great storm burst through the sea defences of the East Coast; and nowhere more destructively than on Canvey Island, in the Thames estuary off the Essex coast. No fewer than sixty-eight men, women and children perished in the floods, the island was for a time evacuated, and very extensive damage to property was done. Since then the work of rehabilitation has gone forward unceasingly. As reported in our issue of September 19, 1953, the resort



A CLOSE-UP OF ONE OF THE ACCESS GAPS IN THE NEW SEA WALL. THESE NORMALLY WILL BE OPEN, AND CLOSED (AS SHOWN HERE) ONLY IN TIMES OF EMERGENCY.

had a record Bank Holiday. The population is back at its original numbers with only a few houses empty. It is reported that the L.C.C. are to be invited to create on the island a housing estate of 2000 houses; and as shown in our photographs the work of rebuilding the sea defences is nearing completion. The estimated cost of this operation, for which the Essex Rivers Board is responsible, is in the region of £500,000. Among the materials used are 2000 tons of steel sheet piling, 350,000 blocks of concrete, and 550,000 cubic tons of clay.

FLEMISH ART IN LONDON: DRAWINGS FROM A NOTABLE BRITISH MUSEUM EXHIBITION.



"THE MOATED FARM"; BY SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577-1640). ONE OF THE SUPERB RUBENS LANDSCAPE DRAWINGS ON VIEW IN THE EXHIBITION OF FLEMISH DRAWINGS, ARRANGED BY THE PRINTS AND DRAWINGS DEPARTMENT, BRITISH MUSEUM. (Line and wash.)



"A GROUP OF FIGURES FROM A CRUCIFIXION"; BY HANS MEMLING (1440/50-1497). THE DESIGN RESEMBLES THE CENTRAL PANELS OF THE LÜBECK AND BUDAPEST ALTARPIECES. (Pen and two shades of brown ink over black chalk.)



"LANDSCAPE WITH FARM BUILDINGS"; BY SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577-1640). DATED 1609 ON THE BACK IN THE ARTIST'S OWN HAND. (Wash and line.)



"LANDSCAPE WITH A VILLAGE"; BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599-1641), AN ILLUSTRATION OF HIS GENIUS AS A LANDSCAPE PAINTER. PAINTED BEFORE 1632. (Watercolour.)



"A LION"; BY SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577-1640), c. 1615. A STUDY FOR "DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN," WHICH, UNTIL 1919, WAS IN THE DUKE OF HAMILTON'S COLLECTION. (Chalk.)

AN interesting and important Exhibition of Flemish Drawings and Prints of the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has just opened in the Prints and Drawings Department of the British Museum; and will continue until further notice. It has been arranged to coincide with the Exhibition of Flemish Art at the Royal Academy; and is partly complementary to this. Sir Peter Paul Rubens is represented by a superb group of drawings, and indeed he is perhaps the chief glory of the display. On this page we illustrate two landscapes by his hand, and two splendid drawings of a lion and a lioness; and a beautiful landscape by Van Dyck, which rouses regrets that this painter devoted his great talents practically entirely to portraiture. The Memling design for a "Group of Figures from a Crucifixion" resembles the central panels of the altarpieces at Lübeck and Budapest, but is not identical with either. The underdrawing in black chalk is believed to have been by Memling's own hand, but the outlines in the darker ink were certainly added later. The section of Flemish drawings of the fifteenth century in the Exhibition, in which the style of Jan Van Eyck and of Roger van der Weyden is represented, is of great interest, as is the series of drawings of the sixteenth century. A small supplementary exhibition, "Anglo-Flemish Art under the Tudors," is most attractive and well arranged.



"A LIONESS"; BY SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577-1640). A STUDY FOR "DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN" FORMERLY IN THE DUKE OF HAMILTON'S COLLECTION. (Chalk.)

FLEMISH DRAWINGS OF THREE CENTURIES: AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



"PHYLLIS AND ARISTOTLE"; BY JAN DE BEER (c. 1475-d. BEFORE 1536).
THE TRIUMPH OF BEAUTY OVER WISDOM AND PHILOSOPHY. (Pen and ink.)



"HERCULES"; BY SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577-1640), c. 1600-10?
THE DESIGN IS TAKEN FROM THE FARNESE HERCULES. (Red and black chalk.)



"THE VIRGIN IN ADORATION"; FLEMISH SCHOOL, c. 1440. AN EARLY COPY FROM
A COMPOSITION OF THE CRUCIFIXION. (Metal point on prepared white ground.)

The drawings from the British Museum Exhibition of Flemish Drawings of the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries which we reproduce on this and the facing page serve to indicate the excellence of the current display arranged by the Department of Prints and Drawings. The drawing by Jan de Beer illustrates Phyllis's revenge on Aristotle for having rebuked



"A YOUNG WOMAN"; BY ROGER VAN DER WEYDEN (1397/1400-1464).
Metal point on prepared cream-coloured ground.

Alexander on his infatuation for her. She so subjugated the philosopher that he allowed her to bridle him and ride on his back, while Alexander watched from a hiding-place. Aristotle, however, had the last word, for when Alexander laughed at him he remarked that if beauty could so subdue age and wisdom, more danger lay in it for youth.



"SLEEP, UNDISTURBD, WITHIN THIS PEACEFUL SHRINE, TILL ANGELS WAKE THEE . . .": THE TOMB WHERE QUEEN MARY NOW LIES NEXT TO HER HUSBAND, KING GEORGE V., AT WINDSOR.

Their late Majesties King George V. and Queen Mary now lie side by side in the tomb of Clipsham stone, designed by the late Sir Edwin Lutyens, F.R.S., in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The body of Queen Mary, who died last March,

was recently moved from the Royal vault, where it had rested since her funeral last year, to the place awaiting her at the side of her husband. In 1926, the year in which King George V. died, King Edward VIII. and Queen Mary commissioned

the tomb, which was designed to be also the last resting-place of her late Majesty. In the spring of 1939 King George V.'s coffin was placed in this tomb, which stands in the second westernmost bay on the north side of the nave. The recumbent

effigy of King George V., in white marble, has now been joined by a beautiful effigy of Queen Mary, which was carved in the same stone by Sir William Reid Dick at the time when he did that of her husband.

NO Chancellor of the Exchequer can ever have had to complain of lack of advice in the preparation of his Budget. As demands have grown heavier the volume of the advice has tended to increase. During the present financial year it seems to have begun earlier than usual and to have proceeded to a greater extent from business interests than from the general tax-paying public. Perhaps the latter has become so deeply sunk in depression about the inroads which have been, and inevitably will be, made upon its resources that it has no heart left to make its voice heard. The chief complaint of industry and trade has been concentrated on the inadequate proportion of earnings left free of taxation for upkeep in a time of continually rising costs. It is urged that this lowers efficiency and handicaps foreign trade. The custom has been long established of banking chairmen in their annual statements reviewing national finance, and their arguments usually catch the attention of thinking people, for good reason. Mr. A. Harold Bibby, Chairman of Martins Bank, has led off this year.

Mr. Bibby gratefully acknowledges, as is right, that Mr. Butler's last Budget was encouraging. He also praises the ability which has been shown in carrying out decontrol, which has caused singularly little disturbance. He goes on to express the hope that the next Budget will act as a stimulus and be marked by substantial reductions in company taxation and income tax. He says sharply that official calls to industry for more "drive, courage and vision" seem to lack sincerity. He tells those who make them that "these are the very commodities that deliberately they choose to tax almost out of existence." To take a specific point, it is to be feared that he is yearning for the unattainable when he says that the policy of incentives can hardly be successful unless those with incomes up to £20 a week are left with £15 and higher incomes with a minimum of 5s. in the pound. It may be desirable; it may be essential; but it cannot happen—especially in the latter respect—in any future we can foresee, if ever.

One must doubt whether any Government has taken office in this country with a firmer intention to reduce expenditure. Mr. Butler's policy was seen at work over a longer period than that of the passage of the Finance Bill. He imposed reductions in funds and staff, and, if these were largely nullified by salary increases due to the rise in the cost of living, they at least checked the growth of expenditure. His technical financial strategy was adroit and well calculated. From the point of view of the cost of living he has had so far the most successful year since the war. How it will end in face of the enormous claims for increases in wages—which have no relation to what has been happening to the cost-of-living index in the last few months, though they may have to what happened earlier—remains to be seen. Quite recently the Chancellor took the excellent step of cutting away purchase tax on a variety of articles, clearly in order to avoid the excessive losses which occur when this is done in the Budget after buyers have held back in hopes that it will be, thus leaving heavy stocks to accumulate. To what extent he was foiled in retrenchment by the expedients of departments, honest in intention but none the less intolerable, only the supreme experts can say.

What were the reactions? There can exist only a section of opinion so small as to be almost negligible which does not desire to see reduction in expenditure. Everyone wants it, except when it touches himself, causes which interest him, or his fads. I made a habit of noting letters to the Press on the subject, until I tired of the inconsistency, pomposity and lack of humour of the great majority of them. They would afford material to the satirist. "Economy is an ideal to which we all heartily subscribe, but surely so trifling and mean a saving as that of abandoning the gilding of the railings of the Ministry of Circumlocution is unworthy of a great nation. Moreover, while our rulers call for hard work and determination, they should realise how greatly the beauty and gaiety of surroundings inspire energy and stir the conscience. Only at its peril can a community neglect the things of the spirit. The young people of to-day. . . ." But there is no need to add that on arriving at the young people the *vox humana* is pulled out for the next paragraph.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE TOAD BENEATH THE HARROW.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

If I put small things first—and I am sure no one looked with more pleasure at the Ministry's gilt railings than I did in the good old days—it is not, of course, because they are the most important. The great blocks of expenditure are naturally those which involve the heaviest criticism for any effort to diminish them or even to hold them within their present bounds. I suppose the biggest guns have been brought to bear on the provision for education, which is indeed a very serious problem in view of the size of classes, the shortage of teachers, the lack of accommodation, the decay of the older school-houses, and the exceptional inflation of building costs. The story, however, is generally the same in every instance. Many clever people take part in the criticism, but it is rare to find one who gives evidence of realising that expenditure is all of a piece, all part of a single problem, and that that which is devoted to one object cannot be separated

for provision for old age. I certainly do not feel myself to be a recipient of charity from the Chancellor of the Exchequer if he lifts some ounces of the hundred-weights which have lain upon my shoulders. The object of taxation is not giving or beneficence, but that of maintaining the State and its services.

In former days, whenever retrenchment was in the air, it was practised first of all upon the fighting forces. This has not happened on the present occasion. Lately some voices have been heard saying that improvements in the international situation are so great that they would justify sharp cuts in defence expenditure. Unfortunately, though there is undoubtedly a temporary improvement, there is no proof of one which is fundamental in type, and in fact no proof of any except that which has been brought about precisely by defence expenditure, that of the nations of the North Atlantic Treaty and especially the United States. I agree that economies recently made represent a risk worth taking and that if we can see our way more clearly in the next year or two they ought to be increased. Yet it would be unwise to be in a hurry. It is not the Iron Curtain only which ought to be watched. The reaction of half-hearted or neutralist elements in Europe to Mr. Dulles's policy of "calculated risk" needs to be studied.

At the same time, it is obvious that no nation can assure its safety to the hilt. An element of risk has to be accepted. Because my interests are military, I may perhaps see military considerations more clearly than many others; but this does not, I hope, induce in me the belief that the present weight of armaments is one which ought to be maintained indefinitely. Yet, when we discuss the possibility of lightening it, we have no assurance that if this can be brought about, the saving will not be appropriated and put to uses which have a higher value in votes. While the public has to some extent become accustomed to the highest taxation in the world, it has to a greater extent become used to regarding the public purse, which is the product of taxation, as an endless source of revenue to particular interests. Yet quite small men tend to become among the heaviest sufferers. Even when it is possible to-day to build up a little business to a prosperous standard and provide it with reserves, this may actually penalise the prudent owner and insure that his business is broken up and dispersed on his death.

No one has tried to calculate the waste of time and energy involved in matters relating to taxation. Perhaps no possibility exists of assessing it with any close approach to accuracy. Yet a lawyer concerned with such affairs told me not long ago that in his opinion 20 per cent. of the effort of some staffs was given to problems in one way or another connected with taxation. He also said that, having been called in to advise on expansions, new ventures, and sidelines, he was aware that many were abandoned because the present scale of taxation made them impracticable. Because we are reasonably honest and possess able accountants, we have not reached the stage of some cities of the East where merchants keep two or three sets of books, but more and more people when selling an old car are paid in notes and sometimes told by the buyer that he does not possess a bank account. In some parts of the country the beginnings of a barter system have appeared, small and primitive, but then all beginnings are that.

It has to be accepted that a scale of taxation very high by comparison with any known in the past has come to stay. It would be futile to rave about this and cruelty to the toad beneath the harrow to hold out to him a prospect of a contrary kind. Yet some harrows have longer and thicker teeth than others. This country has to live by its production and its trade. The fact may be disguised by the rising prices and wages which are always at least in part the result of very high taxation, but a reckoning always comes in the end. Should a serious "recession" occur in the United States, which we pray may not be the case, such a reckoning might be brought nearer in this country. Expenditure by the public has for some time been exceeding savings, and without savings business cannot live. States are no more exempt than companies from the need to count the cost. A little rubbing away on the edges may help. What is needed, however, is some trimming of the mass of Government taxation and expenditure.



WHERE A WELL-LOVED KING AND QUEEN NOW REST SIDE BY SIDE: THE TOMB OF KING GEORGE V. AND QUEEN MARY IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, AS IT NOW APPEARS, WITH THE BEAUTIFUL EFFIGY OF QUEEN MARY PLACED NEXT TO THAT OF HER HUSBAND, KING GEORGE V., WHO DIED IN 1936.

The body of the late Queen Mary, who died on March 24, 1953, was recently moved from the Royal vault in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where it had rested since her funeral last year, to the magnificent tomb which contains the body of her husband, his late Majesty King George V. Now reunited in death, this well-loved King and his Consort rest side by side in the sarcophagus of Clipsham stone. On the tomb alongside the recumbent effigy of King George V., carved by Sir William Reid Dick, now lies that of Queen Mary, carved by the same sculptor. A striking close-up photograph, showing the detail of the heads of the effigies, appears elsewhere in this issue.

from that which is devoted to another. Again, it takes high courage to make certain reductions which may involve political unpopularity. Mr. Butler is the most courageous of modern Chancellors, but the standard in that respect is not lofty.

Mr. Butler's last Budget came under criticism because, as the critics put it, he "gave" something to some sections and nothing to others. In fact, he did not "give" anything to anybody. He made some remissions which he, rightly or wrongly, believed to be necessary to maintain the national credit and encourage its revival. They were not very large, but, whatever else may be said of them, they cannot properly be described as gifts. It is not a gift when tremendous burdens imposed within the last dozen years or so and in a high proportion due to war expenditure are somewhat lightened. So much off income tax is not a gift, but a slight, very slight, restitution. During the few years of my life in which I earned what would commonly be considered a fairly large income I was taxed so heavily that I could save little

THE WOOMERA EXPLOSION: SHOTS FROM A NEWSREEL SHORTLY TO BE RELEASED.



ATOMIC TEST ON NEWSREEL FILM: THE INITIAL FIREBALL OF THE EXPLOSION CAUSED WHEN BRITAIN'S SECOND ATOM BOMB WAS DETONATED ON THE WOOMERA RANGE LAST OCTOBER.



THE SCIENTIST IN CHARGE WATCHES THE EXPLOSION: SIR WILLIAM PENNEY WHO, AS SOON AS HE WAS SATISFIED, TURNED AND SIGNALLED THAT THE NEWS COULD BE FLASHED TO ENGLAND.

Above we illustrate three stills from the official newsreel film, shortly to be released for showing throughout the world, of the explosion caused by the detonation of Britain's second atom bomb at Emu Field, on the Woomera rocket range in South Australia, on October 15, 1953. Like "Operation Hurricane," the film of the Monte Bello Islands explosion, this new film will give some idea of the enormous amount of preparation carried out before the bomb was successfully exploded. As we recorded in our issue of October 24 last year, the flash



ROCKETS WERE FIRED THROUGH THE RADIOACTIVE CENTRE OF THIS CLOUD WITH APPARATUS DESIGNED TO RECORD VALUABLE INFORMATION.

of the exploding bomb at zero, despite a bright morning sun, lit the whole sky, and in the first two seconds a huge ball of fire rose to about 750 ft. At two minutes after zero, the cloud moved rapidly upwards to about 15,000 ft., and later winds in the upper atmosphere contorted the cloud into various shapes. Sir William Penney, the scientist in charge, watched this cloud rise and, as soon as he was satisfied that the explosion had been a success, turned towards his colleagues and waved a signal that the news could be flashed to Britain.

THE PROBLEM OF INCREASED AIR SAFETY : SCIENTIFIC TESTS FOR "FATIGUE" IN PROGRESS.



TESTING THE WING OF A *COMET* JET AIRLINER FOR "FATIGUE":
THE "SLOW-LOADING METHOD" IN PROGRESS.



TESTING A *METEOR* TAILPLANE, REPRESENTING A SMALL WING, AT THE ROYAL AIRCRAFT ESTABLISHMENT, FARNBOROUGH: THE TEST IS BY VIBRATION METHODS AT 600 VIBRATIONS A MINUTE.



ROUTINE TESTS AT THE ROYAL AIRCRAFT ESTABLISHMENT, FARNBOROUGH, FOR "FATIGUE" IN *COMET* JET AIRLINER WINGS, AS OPERATED SINCE NOVEMBER 1953: IN THE "SLOW-LOADING METHOD," LOADS ARE APPLIED BY HYDRAULIC RAMS WHICH AUTOMATICALLY MOVE UP AND DOWN.

The *Comet* jet airliner disaster of January 10 has focused attention on air safety. The Minister of Civil Aviation told the House on January 20 that detailed examination of four *Comet* aircraft had been completed, but had revealed nothing to throw light on the accident. Air safety tests at the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough, designed to achieve a high standard of air safety for British civil aircraft, fall into two divisions: those concerned with structural "fatigue" and the prevention of accidents from that cause; the other

with investigation of an accident which has occurred, and probably had nothing to do with "fatigue." "Fatigue" is produced mainly by gusts or bumps. Sometimes the wings are forced upwards, sometimes downwards. The Counting Accelerometer, invented and developed at R.A.E., not only counts the gusts but grades them. There is a "fatigue" test on components; all main components are "fatigue-tested" to destruction. Tests are repeated on at least six specimens of each component. Two component-testing machines are in continuous use.

EXCAVATING A TRADITIONAL "BIRTHPLACE OF HOMER": DISCOVERIES COVERING FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AT EMPORIO, IN THE ISLAND OF CHIOS.

By M. S. F. HOOD, Director-Designate of the British School
of Archaeology at Athens.

CHIOS, one of the largest islands of the Aegean, has been unfortunate in the scanty records of its early history. Famous throughout antiquity for its wines, and then and in the Middle Ages as the only home of the valuable mastic gum, it has a good claim to be the birthplace of the first of Greek poets, Homer. With a central position off the west coast of Turkey and opposite the Gulf of Smyrna, on a great sea-lane of the Mediterranean (Fig. 3), it was beyond doubt one of the leading centres of commerce and art during the Archaic period of Greek history (seventh century B.C.) and afterwards. Ancient authors describe it as the home of a famous school of early sculpture; and it has recently been proved the centre of manufacture of one of the most striking of early Greek pot fabrics, the "Naucratis," with its graceful, high-footed chalices and fine white surfaces delicately painted with friezes of sphinxes, lions and goats (Fig. 10). This ware was so named after Naucratis, the Greek trading colony in Egypt, where it was first discovered over fifty years ago by Sir Flinders Petrie. Chios had a concession at Naucratis. Chios was a member of the Panionion, the league of the great Ionian Greek cities of the west coast of Asia Minor, and eventually, along with the other islands of the Aegean, fell under the sway of Athens. The system of government appears to have been some form of democracy.

The history of Chios in antiquity is therefore known only in the barest outline; and archaeology has hardly yet begun to fill in the picture. Under Turkish rule till 1912, the island remains from an archaeological point of view still largely virgin.



FIG. 3. A MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF CHIOS IN RELATION TO GREECE AND ASIA MINOR AND NEIGHBOURING ISLANDS OF THE AEGEAN. THE LINE OF ARROWS SHOWS THE TRACK OF THE ARAB SEA INVASION OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY A.D., WHICH PRESUMABLY DESTROYED THE EMPORIO FORTRESS.

Excavation has been practically confined to the cemeteries of the ancient city of Chios itself (the ancient city lies under the modern town), and to the much-ruined temple of Apollo Phanaeus on the south, and that at Nagos on the north, coasts of the island. Of its more remote history little or nothing was known till just before the war, when very primitive hand-made pottery, dating perhaps from before 3000 B.C., was recovered by Miss Edith Eccles, of the British School at Athens, from caves at Agio Gala, in the north; and a solitary Early Bronze Age (third millennium B.C.) tomb was recorded at Dotia, in the south. Further exploration in the Dotia region three years ago led to the discovery of a large prehistoric settlement on the slopes of an "acropolis" jutting into the sea by the little harbour of Emporio (Fig. 1). Excavations were begun here by the British School at the instigation of the Chios Society of Great Britain in 1952, and continued for six weeks during June-July of 1953.

The prehistoric settlement at Emporio (Fig. 2 [1]) and the pottery from it belong to that Early Bronze Age

(third millennium B.C.) culture already known from the neighbouring islands of Samos and Lesbos, and closely related to that of West Asia Minor as found in early levels at Troy. The houses, with rectangular rooms and rudely-constructed walls of rubble, were squashed together inside a massive rampart some 15 ft. thick. At one point in its history the settlement was destroyed by fire, and on the floors of the burnt houses were lying the smashed remains of many clay

Bronze Age (Mycenaean) types suggest that people were still living at Emporio in the second millennium B.C.; but all traces of their houses have disappeared through erosion of the steep slopes in the areas so far excavated.

In Late Roman times (around 600 A.D.), the acropolis (Fig. 2 [2]) was crowned by a fortress with a double wall of defence on the landward side: over the sea with steep cliffs a single wall sufficed. The outer wall supported a terrace platform paved with large beach pebbles, above which rose the main wall. This was two yards wide, built of big stones and concrete; and from it projected three rectangular towers of varying size, the two largest hollow with rooms inside them. The main entrance to the fortress was on the north facing the harbour; but a smaller gate on the opposite (south) side led down to the beach there. The room inside the largest of the three towers had been used for storage and contained a number of wine-jars (*amphorae*) and big store jars (*pithoi*), together with a circular hand-mill. From another room near by came a series of lead weights and remains of a pair of scales.

This largest tower had been destroyed by fire, and, in fact, the whole fortress and the buildings inside it appear to have been overwhelmed by violence. The date of destruction is given by coins dropped on the floors of the tower and other buildings as about 660-670 A.D.—the time of the great Arab sea invasion (Fig. 3) organised by Muawiya (the third Caliph after Mahomet and founder of the Ummayyad dynasty), which culminated in the unsuccessful siege of Constantinople, lasting five years (674-678 A.D.), and vividly described by Gibbon in his "Decline and Fall."

"The event of the siege," he writes, "revived both in the east and west the reputation of the Roman arms," and was as decisive in arresting the progress of Islam as the famous victory of Charles Martel at Poitiers in 732 A.D. The construction of our fortress might go back to the time of the Emperor Justinian in the sixth century. But a more obvious occasion is the Arab invasion itself; and the poor construction of the



FIGS. 1 AND 2. LOOKING DOWN ON THE HARBOUR OF EMPORIO, IN THE ISLAND OF CHIOS—ONE OF THE "BIRTHPLACES" OF HOMER—WITH A KEY (RIGHT, BELOW) NUMBERED TO SHOW THE SITES (OVER A PERIOD OF 4000 YEARS) RECENTLY INVESTIGATED.

The diagrammatic key shows the outlines of the photograph and locates the sites as follows: (1) Area of Early Bronze Age settlement (third millennium B.C.); (2) Late Roman fortress (sixth-seventh century A.D.); (3) Early Christian baptistery and basilica church (sixth-seventh century A.D.); (4) Archaic Greek temple and altars (sixth century B.C.); (5) Road of approach through the Greek city to the temple.

vases. These vases are all hand-made, with the surface highly burnished, brown, black or red, and occasionally decorated with elaborate incised designs filled with white paste. One large store vase was nearly a yard in diameter (Fig. 16). The excavation has been carried down through the floors of successive houses to a depth of 15 ft. without reaching the bottom. The Early Bronze Age settlement covered the acropolis itself as well as the slopes below, and eventually extended beyond the rampart along the beach by the harbour. There are even signs of houses under the water near the beach, for the sea-level seems to have risen. Scraps of painted pottery of Middle and Late

fortress walls would fit with the picture of a hasty and economical preparation to meet such an emergency.

In a field below the fortress, and just beyond the limits of the Bronze Age settlement, a curved piece of wall showing above ground turned out to belong to an early Christian baptistery. This was circular inside, with a diameter of 18 ft., and had a cross-shaped font sunk in the floor. The font was lined with white marble slabs, and the walls of the baptistery preserved traces of painted decoration imitating slabs of coloured marble. The baptistery was attached to a church of basilica plan, having side aisles and an apse at the altar end, and mosaic-paved floors. Church and baptistery were no doubt destroyed together with the fortress during the Arab invasion about 660-670 A.D.

That Emporio was already called Emporio in late Roman times appears from an inscription, found by A. Baynes built into the floor of the modern church, and interpreted by G. Forest as recording the construction of a "temple," presumably the Early Christian basilica, "on the ruins of ancient Emporio." The name Emporio, or "trading station," strongly suggests that we have here the port from which in early times was shipped the mastic gum, peculiar to this south part of Chios, where it is still largely grown, and so famous in the later Middle Ages. Christopher Columbus, for instance, several times refers to the mastic of Chios, notably on his first voyage of discovery to the Americas (1492 A.D.), describing a tree in Cuba which he took for a larger and better variety of the Chian mastic bush. That mastic was already a staple product of the island in Roman times is clear from Pliny: "Of mastic," he says, "the most renowned is the Chian clear"—i.e., white and transparent as the gum of Chios still is.

The need for further exploration of the island and the rewards likely to attend it were vividly shown by the discovery this year on the barren slopes of [Continued overleaf.



FIG. 4. LOOKING EASTWARDS FROM THE BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED ARCHAIC GREEK TEMPLE ABOVE THE HARBOUR OF EMPORIO. THE STONES IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND ARE THE ENTRANCE STEPS; THOSE IN THE CENTRE, MIDDLE DISTANCE, ARE THE BASE OF THE SOMEWHAT LATER EXTERIOR ALTAR (FOURTH CENTURY B.C.).

OFFERINGS AND ADORNMENTS OF A HILL-TOP TEMPLE IN HOMER'S CHIOS.



FIG. 5. TWO INCENSE BURNERS WITH TWO PIERCED LIDS, FOUND IN THE SANCTUARY OF THE EMPORIO TEMPLE. THEY PROBABLY DATE FROM THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.



FIG. 6. THREE MORE INCENSE BURNERS FROM THE EMPORIO TEMPLE. ALTHOUGH LIKE THOSE NOW USED IN GREEK CHURCHES, SUCH BURNERS ARE RARE IN ANTIQUITY.

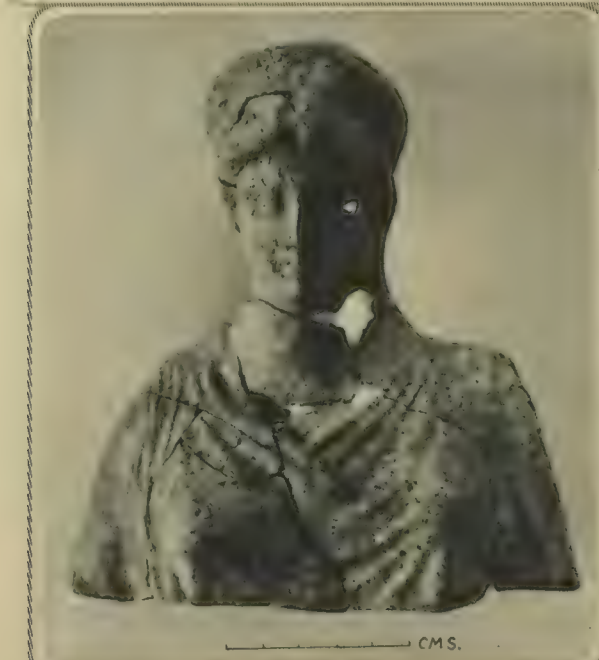


FIG. 7. A TERRACOTTA FIGURINE OF A WOMAN, FOUND INSIDE THE TEMPLE. ONE OF A LARGE NUMBER OF VOTIVE OFFERINGS, MOST OF THEM VASES OR STATUETTES.



(ABOVE.)
FIG. 8. THREE OF THE NINE GRIFFIN HEADS OF LEAD FOUND IN THE TEMPLE, WHICH MAY HAVE ADORNED A WOODEN CULT STATUE.

(RIGHT.)
FIG. 9. A TINY FAIENCE FIGURE OF A MAN PLAYING A LYRE (EARLY SIXTH CENTURY B.C.).

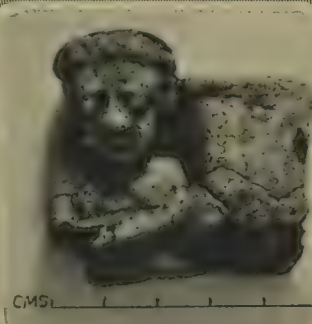


FIG. 10. FRAGMENTS OF FINE "NAUCRATIC" WARE—BLACK ON WHITE—OF THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C. IN THE UPPER FRAGMENTS, SPHINXES; IN THE LOWER, LIONS.



FIG. 11. THE LIVELY FIGURE OF A COCKEREL—A DECORATION IN BLACK FIGURE STYLE ON A SMALL VASE FOUND IN THE TEMPLE. SIXTH CENTURY B.C.



FIG. 12. FRAGMENTS OF A VOTIVE PLATE OF THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C. PARTS CAN BE SEEN OF A FEMALE FIGURE ARMED WITH SPEAR AND SHIELD—POSSIBLY ATHENA.

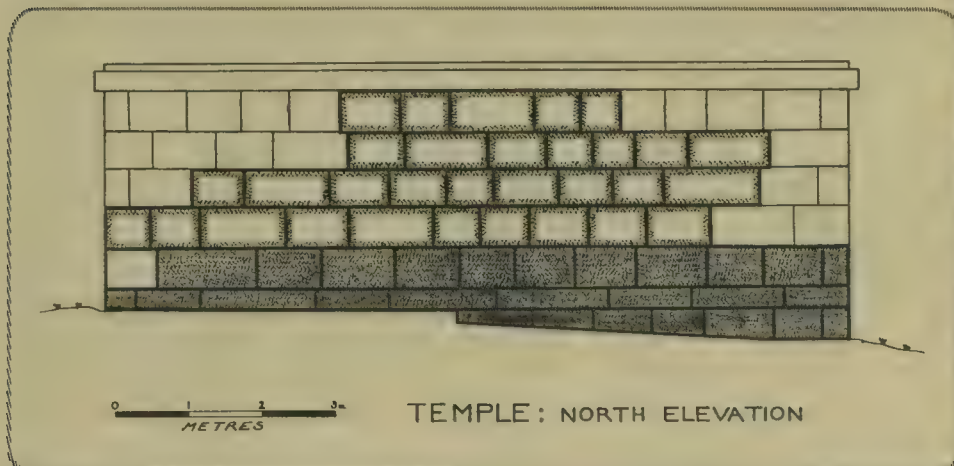
Continued.

Mt. Prophetes Elias above Emporio of a hitherto unknown Greek city with its houses, walls and temple, lying where they had fallen and clearly visible on the ground even without excavation (Figs. 4, 13, 14, 15, 17). Temple and city had been destroyed, perhaps by earthquake, by 200 B.C. if not earlier, and then abandoned. The main road of the city winds up the mountain (Fig. 17) to the sanctuary with its temple in a conspicuous place (Fig. 1) on the saddle between two peaks. The city walls can be followed climbing from here to the top of the mountain now crowned by the

church of the Prophet Elias. The history of the sanctuary goes back to the seventh century B.C. At that time there seems to have been no temple, and nothing but a "basis" or table for offerings in the open air. The temple itself was built in the sixth century B.C., enclosing this earlier offering-table, by the side of which was now set a low base, evidently to support a cult statue of the deity to whom the temple was dedicated (Fig. 14). Some slight evidence points to the possibility that this was the warrior-goddess Athena, worshipped elsewhere in

[Continued opposite, centre.]

A TEMPLE LIKE THAT OF KEATS' GRECIAN URN: DISCOVERIES, ARCHAIC AND EARLIER, IN CHIOS.



TEMPLE: NORTH ELEVATION

FIG. 13. THE NORTH ELEVATION OF THE SMALL GREEK HILL-TOP TEMPLE AT EMPORIO. THE SHADED BLOCKS ARE STILL *IN SITU*: THOSE SHADED IN OUTLINE EXIST ON THE SITE BUT HAD BEEN TOPPLED BY AN EARTHQUAKE.



FIG. 15. THE EXTERIOR OF THE NORTH WALL OF THE TEMPLE (FIG. 13) AS IT IS TO-DAY, WITH THE BLOCKS LYING IN SEQUENCE AS THEY FELL IN AN EARTHQUAKE.

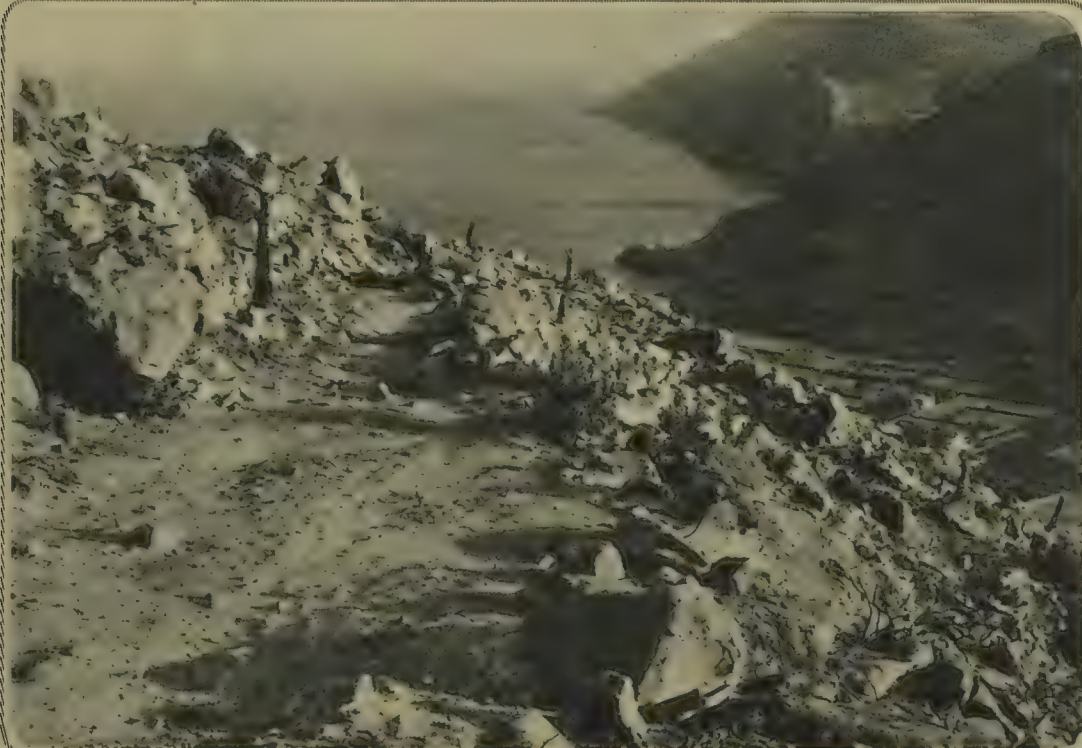


FIG. 17. THE ANCIENT ROAD LEADING UP FROM THE HARBOUR TO THE SITE OF THE ARCHAIC TEMPLE, ON EITHER SIDE ARE UNEXPLORED RUINS OF HOUSES OF THE ARCHAIC CITY.

Continued.
and statuettes (Fig. 7). The vases, nearly all of local Chios manufacture, include many shapes unknown elsewhere. Peculiar are the incense-burners (*thymiateria*) (Figs. 5 and 6), which may date from the fifth century B.C.: very similar incense-burners are still to be seen in use in Greek churches to-day. Most of the statuettes are of clay; but there are a faience figure of a man playing the lyre (early sixth century B.C.) (Fig. 9) and fragments of two little statues of women (*korai*), one in limestone, the other in white island marble. These last are of fine workmanship and comparable, though on a miniature scale, with the famous "*korai*" statues which adorned the Acropolis at Athens before its destruction by the Persians in 480 B.C. The most interesting objects from the temple are nine little lead griffin heads (Fig. 8) (*protomai*), each about 3 ins. high, found scattered on the floor of the inner "*cella*." Some of the griffins look straight in front, while others have their heads twisted to one side. The workmanship is unusually fine, and they must date from the sixth century or from the classical

Continued.
Chios and in other Ionian cities. The temple, about 30 ft. long by 20 ft. wide, is simple in plan, with two rooms—an inner "*cella*" and an ante-room: there is no open porch in front, and no sign of columns inside or outside. The roof of the temple appears to have been flat. The altar, outside the temple on the north, was of the hollow "*bothros*" type—a long, rectangular space enclosed by walls inside which sacrifices were burnt. The solid altar of sacrifice in front of the temple was erected later in the fourth century B.C. (Fig. 4). Inside the temple were found a large number of votives, mostly vases
[Continued below.]



FIG. 14. THE INNER SANCTUARY OF THE TEMPLE (FIG. 13). (LEFT, CENTRE) THE BASIS, MOST PROBABLY OF A CULT STATUE, WITH (RIGHT) THE ANCIENT ALTAR, OLDER THAN THE TEMPLE.



FIG. 16. A HUGE EARLY BRONZE AGE STORAGE JAR—THE DIAMETER IS ABOUT 3 FT.—AS IT WAS DISCOVERED IN THE SITE OVERLOOKED BY THE ROMAN ACROPOLIS.



FIG. 18. POSSIBLY ORIGINALLY A DRAINAGE SYSTEM OF THE EARLY BRONZE AGE SETTLEMENT. WHEN FIRST UNCOVERED, THE CHANNELS WERE FILLED WITH SMALL GRAVEL.

period of the fifth century B.C. All nine have spike attachments, evidently for fastening them to something wooden, though what this was is not clear; it may have been a box or even the crown of a wooden cult statue (*xoanon*) which stood on the base in the "*cella*." It is hoped to continue the excavation of the temple and the further exploration of the prehistoric settlement and the Early Christian basilica during the coming year.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. SOME OF THE ANSWERS.

By FRANK DAVIS.



AMONG the queries which reached me during the past two or three months was one from the West Country, in which was described an elaborate clock with, as the owner rather vaguely put it, "China flowers and what looks like gold all round it." No, not gold, unless I am much mistaken, and to be sure the whole thing might be pretentious rubbish anyway, but maybe the enquirer and others might care to look carefully at Fig. 1 here, which is a French clock of about the year 1760 and seems to me to be a superlative example of the light-hearted ingenuity in fashion



FIG. 1. "A SUPERLATIVE EXAMPLE OF THE LIGHT-HEARTED INGENUITY IN FASHION AT THE TIME": A FINE LOUIS XV. ORMOLU MANTEL CLOCK, c. 1760. (Height, 21 ins.)

The white enamelled dial of this clock is enclosed in a powder-blue, drum-shaped case and the movement is by the well-known Paris clock-maker Romily. The ormolu base, chased with foliage, is enriched with Meissen porcelain flowers, and contains a Meissen group of a girl and a youth dancing, two musicians and two miniature Negro figures.

at the time—a fashion which was imitated *ad nauseam* a century later, and vulgarised and tortured and twisted into the most tiresome and complicated horrors. This, which turned up at Christie's last December, is devised in that asymmetrical style which the learned label "rococo," an unsatisfactory word supposed to have been derived from the French *rocaille*—rock-work—in reference to the grottoes, etc., without which no garden of any pretensions could be considered complete. As used on this side of the Channel it has acquired a somewhat contemptuous meaning, the true-blue Briton being liable to become impatient with what he considers French fal-lals, and, indeed, the style is perhaps not wholly in harmony with our rough island story. It very easily degenerates into tiresome intricacy and requires a very accomplished hand. To my mind there were many such hands in Paris round the middle of the eighteenth century, and they produced this kind of luxurious nonsense to perfection. If modern taste over here is liable to regard such a clock as this as a little too extravagant, that was a prejudice not shared by our ancestors, for this particular piece was a wedding present from the then Duchess of Norfolk to a kinswoman on her marriage in 1766. Gaiety is no crime, and this is gay in the fairy-tale tradition. The movement

is by the well-known Paris clockmaker Romily, and the white enamelled dial is enclosed in a powder-blue case with ormolu borders chased with foliage. The base is of similarly chased and cast ormolu. The swelling curves of the ormolu blossom with Meissen porcelain flowers and provide a stage for charming little figures, two musicians, a couple of Negroes, and in the centre a girl and a boy dancing. The whole is surmounted by a girl who has a basket of flowers on her lap and is holding a large sun-hat in both hands. It is a happy partnership between the clock-maker, the porcelain manufacturer, the artisan who worked in gilded bronze and the enameller. Perhaps, in case anyone should jump to the conclusion that so light-hearted a piece of extravagance was the normal thing, I should describe a companion from about the same period, but of a more sober type—something of easy-flowing curves, a little less talkative, but no less luxurious. The case, as the other's, is of cast and chased ormolu, the design more solid and monumental in the taste of a generation earlier. The maker, Stollewerck, was working in Paris between 1740 and 1770, and other clocks by him are in the Wallace Collection and at the Victoria and Albert Museum. This particular example was one of several splendid mantel clocks which were sold at Christie's in the Baroness Burton sale in 1950. The craft of making ormolu—that is, gilt-bronze—ornaments must have provided employment for a very great many people from the middle of the seventeenth until well into the nineteenth century. Think not merely of clocks, but of the candelabra, sconces and, most of all, of the thousands of pieces of furniture which were embellished in this manner—and then of that characteristically French habit of taking a celadon vase from China and providing it with an ormolu base and maybe a handle or two—a habit which shakes the purist of to-day, but which most of us find easy to forgive, so neat is the workmanship and so cleverly are the lines of the vase accented. It is as if a competent musician had taken a well-known theme and composed a discreet set of variations upon it; a playful compliment to the original.

I turn to another enquiry, this time

I would suggest that his chair may be derived from a type which was presumably made in considerable quantities but whose turned-back legs have proved somewhat unfitted for normal household use. This Fig. 2, which can be seen at South Kensington, happens to be covered with a fine Soho tapestry and may have been specially treasured for that reason. It belongs to the early eighteenth century, and is a simpler version of the earlier style—round about 1690, illustrated in Fig. 3—itsself typical, but by no means elaborate, William and Mary. There is no mistaking the Dutch influence in the two front legs. The fashion just before that was for an elaborately carved stretcher in front and turned stretchers at sides, centre and back; indeed, this style continued with some modification for about a decade, for styles don't collapse with a bang at a given date. None the less, these carved stretchers gave way to the curved type joined at the

centre and crowned by a small finial; and then at the turn of the century, stretchers went out of favour and appeared infrequently until about 1750, that is, in chairs of the finest quality. There is rather an interesting point about the use of beechwood, which, stained to resemble walnut, has been in almost continuous favour for the cheaper kind of chair from at least as early as the middle of the seventeenth century. John Evelyn had a very poor opinion of it, and in his famous "Sylva" of 1664 recommended that its use should be prohibited because it was subject to worms. So it was, and is, but that has not prevented the chairmakers of Buckinghamshire from exploiting their woodlands to the advantage of everyone during the past three centuries or so.



FIG. 2. WITH BACK AND SEAT COVERED BY A FINE SOHO TAPESTRY: AN EARLY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CHAIR.

Mr. Davis, writing about this chair, suggests that it may be "derived from a type which was presumably made in considerable quantities but whose turned-back legs have proved somewhat unfitted for normal household use." Because it is covered with a fine Soho tapestry, however, it may have been specially treasured. The legs are made of beechwood.



FIG. 3. "TYPICAL, BUT BY NO MEANS ELABORATE, WILLIAM AND MARY": A CHAIR AND STOOL OF ABOUT 1690. Writing of the chair, Mr. Davis says: "There is no mistaking the Dutch influence in the front two legs. . . . Complicated and fussy though this style is, it is a considerable advance towards streamlining as compared with the Restoration fashions, with their pierced and fretted top and side rails and cane backs and seats. . . ." The stool is clearly of the same family.

from New York; equally vague but accompanied by a rough sketch, which shows a chair rather like that of Fig. 2. The owner speaks of "stub toes," and says he thinks the legs are of walnut and he believes it to be a good copy of some English original. Back and seat are covered in velvet which, he says, is obviously modern.

such as Fig. 3 were surely made in quantity for less exalted homes, and have perished by the thousand. The next step for an upholstered chair was obviously Fig. 2, as simple and comfortable as you could want. Did the type last? Not a bit of it—it was soon forgotten and we wandered off into elaboration once again.

The stool shown with the chair is clearly of the same family. Modern woman is "agin 'em," because they harbour dust, which meant little to our ancestors, partly because I doubt whether they were as finicking as we are, and partly because a household which could own such comparatively elaborate pieces as this would not be short of housemaids. Complicated and fussy though this style is, it is a considerable advance towards streamlining as compared with the Restoration fashions, with their pierced and fretted top and side rails and cane backs and seats; or with the even taller, high-backed chairs—chairs which are to be seen to perfection in the William and Mary wing at Hampton Court. One remembers these very vividly and is consequently inclined to imagine that the majority of chairs in use were of the same kind. It is much more likely, I suggest, that the very splendid things have survived just because they were very splendid and in great houses. Simpler types

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



APPOINTED PRINCIPAL OF NEWNHAM COLLEGE: MISS RUTH COHEN.

Miss Ruth Cohen, who has been elected to succeed Dame Myra Curtis as Principal of Newnham College, Cambridge, on Oct. 1, is a Fellow of the College and University Lecturer in Economics. During World War II she worked at the Ministry of Food. Dame Myra Curtis had been Principal of the College since 1942.



A DISMISSED YUGOSLAV COMMUNIST PARTY LEADER: MR. DJILAS.

On January 17 Mr. Milovan Djilas, President of the Yugoslav Parliament and one of Marshal Tito's associates during the partisan war and since, was expelled from the Central Committee of the Union of Yugoslav Communists after the Committee had reviewed his recent public advocacy of changes in party organisation.



RESCUED AFTER HAVING SURVIVED TWO AEROPLANE CRASHES IN UGANDA: MR. ERNEST HEMINGWAY.

Fear was felt for the lives of Mr. Ernest Hemingway, the American novelist, and his wife, when a chartered plane crashed in a desolate area near Murchison Falls, Uganda, on January 23. The couple were rescued, however, on January 25 by a tourist launch and they were taken to Butiaba, Lake Albert. There they boarded a plane which had been searching for them but, in taking off, it crashed and burned out. The Hemingways then set off for Entebbe by road.



NEW PRIME MINISTER OF ITALY: SIGNOR A. FANFANI.

The new Italian Government, headed by Signor Amintore Fanfani, who was Minister of the Interior in Signor Pella's Government which resigned on January 5, was sworn in by President Einaudi on Jan. 19. Signor Fanfani, a Christian Democrat, is forty-six and, therefore, the youngest Prime Minister of Italy's post-war period.



DIED ON JANUARY 20: THE DUKE OF MONTROSE.

The Duke of Montrose, who was seventy-five, took a great interest in maritime matters. He was the inventor and designer of the first naval aircraft-carrying ship and designer of the first sea-going heavy-oil motor ship. The Duke was a Commodore, R.N.V.R., being the first volunteer to receive such rank. He was a Younger Brother of the Trinity House.



CAPTOR OF MAU MAU LEADER: LIEUTENANT W. YOUNG.

"General China," alias Waruhiu Itote, Mau Mau terrorist leader, was captured on January 15 by a patrol of the 7th (Kenya) Battalion, The King's African Rifles, in an action near Nyeri. During the fighting, Lieutenant Wallis Young shot a man with his Bren gun, who staggered towards him saying: "I am Field Marshal China."



DIED ON JANUARY 19: MR. SYDNEY GREENSTREET.

Mr. Sydney Greenstreet, who was seventy-four, was a well-known character actor, particularly in the U.S.A. His rotund figure made him an excellent Sir Toby Belch, one of his favourite parts. Later he began a career in films, making a success of sinister portrayals in such pieces as "The Maltese Falcon" and "The Conspirators."



RECEIVING CONGRATULATIONS ON ATTAINING THE AGE OF EIGHTY: MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.

Mr. Somerset Maugham, the novelist and playwright, who was eighty on January 25, arrived in London from France to attend a dinner given in his honour by the Garrick Club on the eve of his birthday. The dinner was attended by 120 members and was presided over by Mr. G. C. Rivington, the publisher.



DIED ON JANUARY 19: AMIR AMIN DIDI.

Amir Amin Didi, the deposed first President and Prime Minister of the Republic of the Maldives Islands, in the Indian Ocean, was forty-six. He had been the dominant figure in the Government of the Islands and the inauguration of the Republic on January 1, 1953, was his idea. He did much to improve education and public health.



DIED ON JANUARY 20: MR. WARREN BARDSLEY.

Mr. Warren Bardsley, the Australian cricketer, who was seventy, was one of the greatest left-handers ever to have played for Australia. He toured England in 1909, 1912, 1921 and 1926, and against England at the Oval in 1909 scored a century in each innings. He played in forty-one Test Matches, scoring 2469 runs for an average of 40.47.



AWARDED THE GEORGE MEDAL FOR SLAYING A MAN-EATING LION: SAIDI BIN JUMA.

A sixty-two-year-old African, Saidi bin Juma, was awarded the George Medal on January 12 for an attempt to rescue his employer, Mr. de Beer, a South African farmer, from an attack by a wounded man-eating lion in Tanganyika.



RECEIVING THE GOLD MEDAL OF PARIS: FIELD MARSHAL PAPAGOS, GREEK PRIME MINISTER (RIGHT).

Field Marshal Alexander Papagos, Prime Minister of Greece, who ended an official visit to Paris on January 22, received, before he left, the Gold Medal of Paris. The Greek Foreign Minister, M. S. Stephanopoulos, who accompanied the Prime Minister on the visit, is seen above in the centre.



RECEIVING DIPLOMATISTS IN PARIS: PRESIDENT RENÉ COTY.

Members of the Diplomatic Corps assembled in the Elysée Palace on January 21 to pay a visit to the new President of France. The Apostolic Nuncio, Mgr. Marella, is seen addressing the President.



PILOTS OF RECORD FLIGHT BY COMET II: GROUP CAPTAIN J. CUNNINGHAM (LEFT) AND MR. P. O. BUGGE.

The first production Comet II, piloted by Group Captain John Cunningham and Mr. P. O. Bugge, flew from London to Khartoum on January 23, breaking all records. Group Captain Cunningham is chief test pilot of De Havillands.

ON SEA AND LAND: OCEAN-GOING SHIPS AND A MODEL, AND FOCAL POINTS IN WORLD AFFAIRS.



TAKING THE SALUTE AT EGYPT'S FIRST LIBERATION ANNIVERSARY PARADE: GENERAL NEGUIB ON A STAND, ABOVE A SKULL-AND-CROSSBONES BANNER. General Neguib took the salute on January 23 from a parade of 25,000 men, youths and girls, whose march-past occupied four hours. The procession included a detachment of girl students carrying arms. The



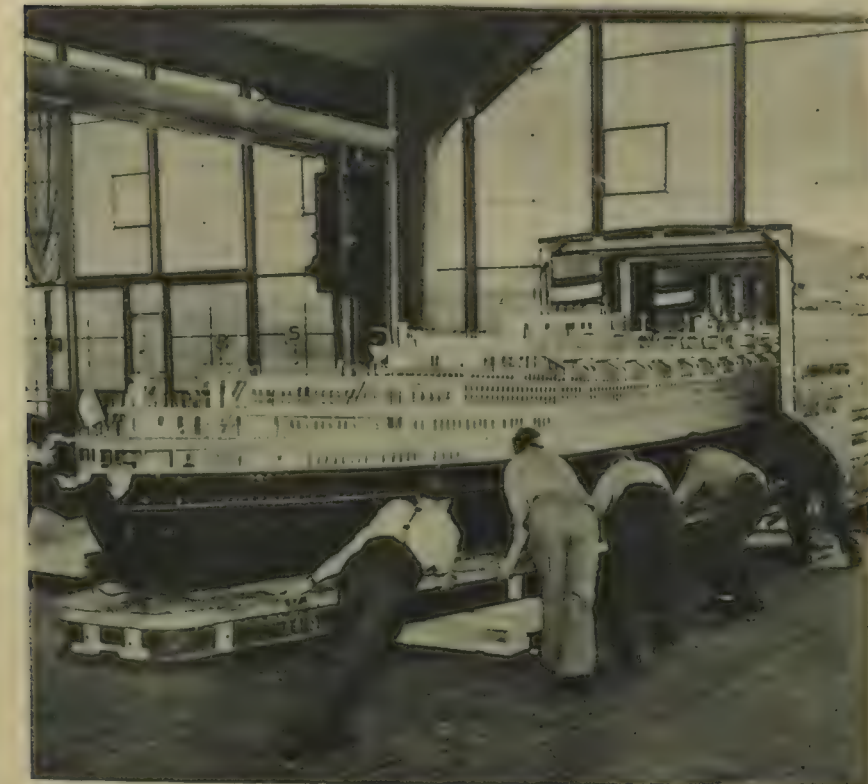
ARMED, AND MARCHING WITH PRECISION AND SPIRIT: GIRL STUDENTS WHO FORMED PART OF THE CAIRO PARADE OF 25,000 WHO MARCHED PAST GENERAL NEGUIB ON JANUARY 23. President delivered a speech to the nation, and in a manifesto issued by the Liberation Rally promised an economic system based on "a charter of co-operation between capital, labour, science and technology."



AFTER HAVING BEEN LAUNCHED FROM HARLAND AND WOLFF'S BELFAST SHIPYARD ON JANUARY 21: THE 29,500-TON P. & O. PASSENGER AND CARGO LINER *IBERIA*. The launch of the 29,500-ton P. & O. passenger and cargo liner took place on January 21 from Messrs. Harland and Wolff's shipyard in Belfast after having been named by Lady McGrigor, wife of the First Sea Lord. *Iberia*, sister-ship to *Arcadia*, has been designed for the U.K.-India-Australia service.



TO SAIL ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA IN FEBRUARY: THE P. & O. PASSENGER AND CARGO LINER *ARCADIA* LEAVING HER FITTING-OUT BASIN AT CLYDEBANK. The 29,734-ton P. & O. liner *Arcadia* is due to leave the Port of London on her maiden voyage to Australia by way of the Suez Canal on February 22, and is expected in Sydney on March 27. She was launched in May 1953 from the shipyard of John Brown and Co.



CLAIMED AS THE WORLD'S LARGEST SHIP MODEL: A 1-20TH SCALE REPRODUCTION OF THE HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE FLAGSHIP *NIUW AMSTERDAM*, WHICH HAS BEEN BUILT IN ROTTERDAM, BEING SHIPPED FOR EXHIBITION AT SAN FRANCISCO.



HORNS AND TIMBRELS SOUND AT TETUAN, WHEN NOTABLES OF SPANISH MOROCCO PETITIONED THE SPANISH HIGH COMMISSIONER TO REPUDIATE THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO. On January 21, 430 Moroccan notables and chiefs of Spanish Morocco presented a petition to the Spanish High Commissioner, General Valino, repudiating the authority of the present Sultan of Morocco and asking that the Khalifah be given full sovereignty in the Spanish Zone of Morocco, in which the Khalifah is the Sultan's representative.

LAND, AIR AND SEA: SPEED TRIUMPHS, AND A BRITISH ENGINEERING ACHIEVEMENT.



BEFORE TAKING OFF ON ITS RECORD-SMASHING FLIGHT TO KHARTOUM: THE FIRST PRODUCTION MODEL OF THE COMET II. JET AIRLINER, WHICH WAS PILOTED BY GROUP CAPTAIN JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

Flying the first production model of the *Comet II* jet airliner, out to begin its tropical trials, Group Captain John Cunningham, chief test pilot of the De Havilland Aircraft Company, flew from London to Khartoum on January 22 in the record time of 6 hours 22 mins. 7.2 secs., giving an average speed of 481.1 m.p.h.



AFTER LANDING SAFELY IN KHARTOUM ONLY 6½ HOURS AFTER LEAVING LONDON: THE RECORD-BREAKING COMET II. JET AIRLINER GREETED BY SPECTATORS.

This more than halved the previous record, established in October 1950, by Squadron Leader J. C. T. Downey in an Avro Lincoln *Aries* of the R.A.F. His time was 14 hours 23 mins. 10 secs., an average speed of 213 m.p.h. The *Comet II* is now undergoing tropical tests at Khartoum.



BRITAIN'S LARGEST OIL DOCK: THE QUEEN ELIZABETH II. DOCK WHICH WAS OPENED AT EASTHAM, NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL, ON JANUARY 19. IT TOOK FOUR YEARS TO BUILD.



AT THE LUNCHEON WHICH FOLLOWED THE OPENING OF THE QUEEN ELIZABETH II. DOCK: (L. TO R.) THE MAYOR OF BEBINGTON (COUNCILLOR REID); SIR LESLIE ROBERTS (CHAIRMAN AND MANAGING DIRECTOR OF THE CANAL COMPANY); MR. F. J. STEPHENS (MANAGING DIRECTOR OF THE SHELL PETROLEUM COMPANY, LTD.), AND THE LORD MAYOR OF MANCHESTER (ALDERMAN A. MOSS). On January 19 Britain's largest oil dock, the Queen Elizabeth II. Dock, was opened at Eastham, near the entrance to the Manchester Ship Canal, by Sir Leslie Roberts, chairman and managing director of the Ship Canal company. The tanker *Velletia*, 28,000 tons, then moved slowly into the new dock, breaking a ribbon spanning the entrance. The dock covers 19 acres and each of the four berths can accommodate a vessel of 30,000 tons.



WINNER OF THE MONTE CARLO RALLY: LOUIS CHIRON, THE MONACO DRIVER, WINNING THE FINAL SPEED RACE IN A LANCIA.

Subject to confirmation, Louis Chiron, the Monaco veteran racing driver, has been declared the winner of the twenty-fourth Monte Carlo Rally. He won the final speed test on January 23 in his 2½-litre Italian *Lancia*. The best British performance was by R. J. Adams, of Northern Ireland, driving a 3½-litre *Jaguar*, who was placed sixth.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SECOND SIGHT IN INSECTS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IN recent years attention has been directed in several fields of research to the importance of the sun in the direction-finding of animals. Numerous experiments, especially on starlings, have shown that birds tend to orientate themselves, under certain circumstances, in relation to the sun. The findings of von Frisch on the direction-finding in bees are now almost classic, and there has been similar work on mosquito larvæ and other types of insects. It seems, so far as insects are concerned, that certain simple eyes, known as ocelli in the adults and stemmata in the larvæ, are all-important.

The head of a typical insect bears eyes of two kinds, compound eyes and ocelli. The most obvious are the compound or faceted eyes, situated one on each side of the head and formed of a number of individual lenses or facets closely arranged in a honey-comb manner. The eye of a house-fly consists of 4000 such lenses. Commonly hexagonal in form, the lenses concentrate the light on to visual units, each consisting of an elaborate system of rods, retinal-cells and pigment-cells. From these, impulses are transmitted to nerve-centres in the brain. The compound eyes, the true visual organs, are absent in very few species. The ocelli, the second kind of eyes, are simple and are by no means always present. Very few beetles possess them, for example. They are found in some families of flies and not in others. They are usually absent in mosquitoes. Nor are they very obvious, being of small size and hidden among the hairs, as in bees, or among the scales, as in moths, which clothe the body. Ocelli, when present, are usually three in number, arranged in a triangle somewhere near the bases of the antennæ. Each consists of a single bi-convex lens overlying a group of visual units. They contrast with

the stemmata are highly developed, however, as in the larvæ of the predacious tiger-beetles, they serve to locate the prey; but even in these it is doubtful if they are capable of perceiving anything of an image.

Experiments have been continued in the intervening years and some of the latest are described in *Nature* for December 26 last. Dr. W. G. Wellington, of the Forest Insect Laboratory, Ontario, noted that insect larvæ were more precisely influenced by changes in the intensity of light from the sky than from a point of light in a room. Outdoors, the passage of clouds across the sky was reflected in variations in the

of a different species, with stemmata, subjected to the same experiment, took nearly twenty times as long to cover the same distance as the winged insects. Its course from the starting point to the lamp was somewhat more uncertain than that of a fly with eyes and ocelli in action, but the general direction towards the light was maintained throughout.

The next step was to see what happened under natural conditions out of doors. Each fly on being released travelled in a general direction towards the sun. If the sky was clear the path was direct, but the passage of small clouds, or even of smoke, overhead caused temporary deviations. Again, as in the experiments with the 6-watt lamp, there was little difference in the fly's progress when the ocelli were covered except that the insect travelled at half the speed as compared with having eyes and ocelli uncovered. The biggest difference between the experiment with the artificial light and natural daylight came when only the ocelli were in use. Instead of staying more or less on one spot and moving round erratically, a fly outdoors using only its ocelli flew as certainly in the direction of the sun as when eyes and ocelli were uncovered, but did so at half-speed. That is, at about the speed of the fly with compound eyes uncovered and ocelli covered. There were the same interferences with the progress from the passage of small clouds of the insect having only its ocelli in use.

From these and other observations Dr. Wellington came to the following conclusions. Insects with compound eyes uncovered were readily startled by movements from those carrying out the experiments, whereas those with only the ocelli in action "were indifferent to all but the most obvious and rapid changes in light intensity produced by



SHOWING ONE OF THE OCELLI ON TOP OF THE HEAD: HEAD OF A WASP (*Vespa vulgaris*). THE TWO COMPOUND EYES ARE ONE TO RIGHT AND ONE TO LEFT—EACH BELOW THE ARCH OF AN ANTENNA.



WITH LARGE COMPOUND EYES, AND OCELLI HIDDEN IN THE HAIRS COVERING THE BODY: A HONEY-BEE. (OCELLI INDICATED BY AN ARROW.)



WITH OCELLI INDICATED BY AN ARROW: A BUMBLE-BEE. OCELLI ARE SIMPLE EYES WHICH IN ADULT INSECTS PLAY A SUBSIDIARY RÔLE IN ASSISTING-SIGHT IN THE COMPOUND EYES, AND ALSO APPEAR TO PLAY AN INDEPENDENT RÔLE IN DIRECTION-FINDING, RESPONDING TO POLARISED LIGHT FROM THE SKY.

the compound eyes in a further particular that their function is in some doubt.

Seven years ago, when Imms wrote his comprehensive *New Naturalist* volume, "Insect Natural History," he had this to say: "Some authorities consider that they [the ocelli] are for seeing very near objects, others think that they serve to detect small changes in the light-intensity. It is significant that if the compound eyes be coated with an opaque varnish and *not* the ocelli, Bees and Flies behave as if they were blind. On the other hand, if the ocelli only be blackened, these same insects respond more tardily to light received through the compound eyes. Some modern authorities believe, in consequence, that the ocelli are stimulatory organs that serve to maintain general visual sensitivity." Wigglesworth, writing three years later, thought the function of the ocelli might vary in different species of insects. Insect larvæ have no compound eyes, only simple eyes, or stemmata, as they are called, comparable to the ocelli of the adult. In the larvæ they are responsible for orientating responses to light. Maggots and caterpillars, in the absence of light, remain still, or move only slightly and in no particular direction. Where

movements of the larvæ.

Moreover, larvæ having the more numerous stemmata distributed over the sides of the head maintained the more steady directions of travel. Translated in everyday terms, the caterpillars with numerous stemmata are capable of moving across the ground in a direct line, as one may so often see them travelling, as compared with the erratic movements of so many grubs which have fewer stemmata.

In Dr. Wellington's experiments a parasitic fly was used, one so strongly influenced that it habitually flew towards a light or, if its wings were damaged, crawled towards it. First the movements were watched in a darkened room, with a 6-watt lamp at one end of a table. While both eyes and ocelli were in use the fly moved in a more or less direct line towards the light. When the ocelli were blacked out, the fly took roughly twice as long to reach the light and its course was slightly uncertain, especially in the first part of the journey. When the compound eyes were covered and the ocelli only were in use, the fly merely wandered around over a small area in a quite erratic way, and when the ocelli too were covered there was the same erratic wandering but over a smaller area. A larva

these movements." The second conclusion was that "when clouds covered both the sun and the zenith intact adults seldom stopped moving, whereas those with only ocelli invariably stopped until the sun reappeared and even then they made only undirected movements until the overhead sky cleared again." In general, therefore, the earlier suggestions have received support from these latest experiments: that the ocelli act as a subsidiary—a kind of boost—to the main or compound eyes, especially in orientation in relation to polarised light.

Even now many questions remain unanswered, such as the varying effect of weather. Moreover, the reactions of the insects were found to vary according to their own body temperature. Even more obscure is the relation between experiments of this kind on insects and the little that is known of the orientation of birds to the sun. At least, there is the promise of interesting results in the future in the matter of direction-finding in animals as a whole and the function of structures, such perhaps as the third or pineal eye of certain reptiles, which have remained hitherto problematic. But in all instances we are still a long way from knowing the whole story.

THE SEARCH OFF ELBA FOR THE WRECK OF THE LOST COMET; AND A MEMORIAL SERVICE AT SEA.



ABOUT TO TAKE HEAVY SALVAGE GEAR ABOARD BEFORE SAILING FOR ELBA: THE BOOM DEFENCE VESSEL *BARHILL* MOVING ALONGSIDE THE SALVAGE VESSEL *H.M.S. SEA SALVOR* AT MALTA.



CONDUCTING A MEMORIAL SERVICE AT SEA FOR THE VICTIMS OF THE *COMET* CRASH: THE REV. J. FINDLOW GIVING A BLESSING NEAR ELBA.

AT the time of writing the frigate *H.M.S. Wrangler*, commanded by Captain C. M. Parry, is carrying out an intensive search off the island of Elba for the ill-fated B.O.A.C. *Comet* which crashed into the sea on January 10 with the loss of all thirty-five people on board. So far a number of contacts with underwater objects have been registered by Asdic devices and depth-sounding equipment; and these may well prove to be important parts of the airliner. *H.M.S. Wrangler* is being joined by *H.M.S. Sea Salvor*, a salvage vessel, and the boom defence ship *Barhill* bringing underwater television equipment, an articulated diving-suit, a diving-chamber, grabs and other heavy lifting gear.

(RIGHT.) AT PORTO AZZURRO: THE BRITISH FRIGATE *H.M.S. WRANGLER*, WHICH IS CONDUCTING AN INTENSIVE AND SYSTEMATIC SEARCH OFF ELBA FOR THE WRECKAGE OF THE ILL-FATED *COMET*.



THE *COMET* SEARCH: A SCIENTIST INSPECTING AN UNDERWATER TELEVISION CAMERA WHICH CAN EXAMINE WRECKAGE AT GREAT DEPTHS.



ON BOARD *H.M.S. WRANGLER* DURING THE SEARCH OFF ELBA FOR THE WRECKAGE OF THE *COMET*: PETTY OFFICER ROSS CHECKING THE POSITIONING OF AN ADDITIONAL TELEMETER (RANGE-FINDER).

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

WINTER AND SUMMER.

By J. C. TREWIN.

SOME dramatists (and who can blame them too much?) will never let well alone. They are adventurous by nature. Show to one of them a vast novel, unfitted for any medium but the novel, and he will work his hardest to transplant it, or a part of it, to the stage. The result may be like nothing on earth (certainly not like the novel), but it will be a "dramatic version," and for a while the book will become the Novel of the Play. In our age the transformation scenes can be as complex as any in pantomime. Thus I heard not long ago the radio version of the play of the film of a book, and I look forward to reading the book of the radio version of the play of the film, etc. There seems to be no limit to expansion (or contraction). An author must find it absorbing, if a little saddening now and again, to discover, at the fourth or fifth remove, how little of his original work survives.

Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment," a theatrical version of which is running at the Arts, has had its odd adventures. Here we are concerned only with the effort to get some of the novel upon the stage. It is an alarming task. All we can legitimately hope for, at best, is an impression. That is what we get now in the Gaston Baty version which John Fernald has revived with a gallant effort to be faithful to the spirit of Baty's own stage presentation.

Not that, in its murky fashion, this fails entirely. There are twenty scenes; some of them the merest snatches, flickers against the gloom. Much is done by suggestion, quick indication. To mine steadily through the abundant novel would be useless in the theatre. Here, as in a glass darkly, we do get a notion of the

as the student Raskolnikoff does not help as it should. It is intelligent, but fatally limited in range of expression. The voice, too, is monotonous. We feel for Raskolnikoff, which is something; but we are not intensely moved. Indeed, I was truly moved during the performance only by Kenneth Hyde's projection of the pathetic drunkard Marmeladoff, and, particularly, by Rosalind Boxall's Sonia, in her utter

there are situations enough in this anecdote of a public school that finds, of a sudden, a trio of agreeable girls on its premises. One thing Jack Hulbert, as producer, might have done; he could have cut the embarrassing report of a conversation with a baby grand; David Aylmer, as the young music master, faces this gallantly, but the lines to-day sound very curious. There is still time for the knife.

"Housemaster" loses some of its old quality, I think, because the cast, with one or two exceptions—Mr. Hulbert himself, Mr. Aylmer, Julian d'Albie—seems always to be *acting* the play. There is an uneasy atmosphere of contrivance. When anyone goes out, he merely goes back-stage at the St. Martin's Theatre (a stage which should be used by now to forming part of a school). It is a pity in a comedy that has to fix us and to keep us in serene belief from the start. As it is, Marbledown suffers from an overplus of grease-paint. Still, Mr. Hulbert himself has a likeable naturalness, a brush-it-off ease that can reconcile us to the knowledge that he is not really the Donkin, the "Old Moke," that Ian Hay imagined. Donkin should have a growl; Mr. Hulbert can hardly raise a grunt. Even so, it is a happy performance of the wrong man, and Mr. Hulbert, as we realise, has a way with the ironic flick. He will probably be a success as head-master of Marbledown—a post which

he takes up after curtain-fall—though in these days one can never know. Donkin is so sound, experienced, and respected that he will quite probably be superseded by some scheming and arrogant little careerist. I could wish, by the way, that as producer Mr. Hulbert had got the inhabitants of Marbledown to be less conscious of themselves: there is a right way and a wrong way even of jumping over a chair.

A new production at the Embassy proved once more how helpless a dramatist must be without a



"IAN HAY'S AGREEABLE SCHOOL COMEDY . . . COMES BACK FROM 1936 AS, UNEXPECTEDLY, A PERIOD PIECE": "HOUSEMASTER" (ST. MARTIN'S), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY, WITH (L. TO R.) "BUTTON" FARINGDON (MARY SIVERN); "OLD CRUMP" (DEREK POLLITT); "BIMBO" FARINGDON (THOMAS CONNIFFE); TRAVERS (HARVEY HALLSMITH); "FLOSSIE" NIGHTINGALE (MALCOLM WEBSTER); CHRIS FARINGDON (JOAN WINMILL) AND CHARLES DONKIN (JACK HULBERT).

submissiveness. Not so long ago we were praising Miss Boxall for the fierce, clawing drive of her Margaret of Anjou, she-wolf of France. Now here she is as Sonia before whom Raskolnikoff kneels: a performance judged delicately, a character beautifully stated. The rest of the play is worthy, if not excitingly, done; this version lacks the more concentrated effect of Rodney Ackland's eight years ago (then Raskolnikoff and the Marmeladoffs lodged in the same house); we miss the infinitely dangerous fencing of Peter Ustinov's police chief and the command of Edith Evans (who was the Katerina).

I could not help asking myself during the revived "Housemaster" (St. Martin's), a tale told in school, how the boys of Ian Hay's remarkable establishment, Marbledown, would feel if the rout of Dostoevsky's characters were transferred suddenly to their studies and quadrangle. There might be a laugh at the very Russian figure of the polite mourner who had followed the wrong funeral. As for the rest, imagination faints. And if Marbledown would think strangely of Dostoevsky, what in the world would Raskolnikoff and his crew think of Marbledown?

The Marbledowns of this world exist only in vintage school stories. Ian Hay made a strong effort to persuade us that something is actually taught in the school: he did not altogether succeed. What does come through to us now, rather sadly at times, is the wan sunshine of a lost summer: only from the 1930s, only eighteen years ago, but as queerly mournful as FitzGerald's

Unto him the fields around thee
Darken with the days gone by:
O'er the solemn woods that bound thee
Ancient sunsets seem to die.

One shudders a little at times. It is an odd glance into the past.

But the play is put together cleverly. Ian Hay's theatrical sense seldom failed him: he could match the situation with the amusing line; and, goodness knows,

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"CRIME AND PUNISHMENT" (Arts Theatre Club).—A careful attempt to distil the essence of Dostoevsky's novel. The version is Gaston Baty's, the producer is John Fernald: one performance, the submissive Sonia of Rosalind Boxall, has the right quality. Elsewhere this is less of a storm than a steady drizzle. (January 13.)
"THE BOYCHIK" (Embassy).—Although a great deal is said in this play, in recollection it seems inarticulate. Wolf Mankowitz has failed to write with any kind of theatrical force. The piece—followed by a shorter and better play—merely fumbles along. (January 13.)
"THE BOY FRIEND" (Wyndham's).—Sandy Wilson's masterly pastiche of a musical comedy from the 1920s has reached the West End at last. (January 14.)
"RIGOLETTO" (Covent Garden).—A sympathetic rendering, with Marko Rothmuller as Rigoletto and Mattiwilda Dobbs as Gilda. (January 18.)
"MARQUIS DE CUEVAS BALLET" (Stoll).—The first bill contained two unfamiliar ballets with choreography by Ana Ricarda. (January 18.)
"HOUSEMASTER" (St. Martin's).—Ian Hay's agreeable school comedy—one might almost call Marbledown a Charm School—comes back from 1936 as, unexpectedly, a period piece. It is moderately acted. Happily, we know how Jack Hulbert—though he is miscast as the much-beset housemaster—can steer a part along with full theatrical effect. (January 19.)



"ONE PERFORMANCE, THE SUBMISSIVE SONIA OF ROSALIND BOXALL, HAS THE RIGHT QUALITY. ELSEWHERE THIS IS LESS OF A STORM THAN A STEADY DRIZZLE": "CRIME AND PUNISHMENT" (ARTS THEATRE CLUB), A SCENE FROM THE PLAY, ADAPTED BY GASTON BATY FROM DOSTOEVSKY, SHOWING RODION ROMANOVITCH RASKOLNIKOFF (KENNETH GRIFFITH) AND SONIA MARMELADOFF (ROSALIND BOXALL).

book: of the student Raskolnikoff's fatal pride, the murder that he commits so vainly, the fraying and snapping of his nerve, the velvety pouncing of the police chief, the final confession, voluntary acceptance of suffering. We might be reading a synopsis; the characters might be presenting a "trailer" of some major work to come. There are rapid thrusts at character, a few moments of exaltation, and one very fine performance. But, considered as a whole, it is—and inevitably—Dostoevsky's book seen through the wrong end of a telescope.

What worries me especially is, except in certain places, the lack of the strongest tragic impact. I find myself coming back again and again to the word "lugubrious." It haunts me whenever I revert to the production. We should be thinking of the mask of tragedy; instead we think of a damp night in the St. Petersburg of 1865. Kenneth Griffith's acting



"BUT, CONSIDERED AS A WHOLE, IT IS—AND INEVITABLY—DOSTOEVSKY'S BOOK SEEN THROUGH THE WRONG END OF A TELESCOPE": "CRIME AND PUNISHMENT," SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY, WITH (L. TO R.) ELIA PETROVITCH (WOLFE MORRIS); PORPHYRIUS PETROVICH SAMIOTOFF (HAROLD KASKET) AND RODION ROMANOVITCH RASKOLNIKOFF (KENNETH GRIFFITH).

sense of the theatre. The play, Wolf Mankowitz's "The Boychik," is about a son's return to his father, an old, drunken and vaguely mad Jewish actor who lives in a deserted theatre. The son is an amiable, boastful gambler. It is like the meeting of a blustering winter day and one of those early summer days with some wry sunlight, a spatter of rain and a flapping wind. The trouble is that nothing whatever happens that can be called a play. Maybe the text has its tang; on the stage it falls glumly on the ear. The acting is only passable. Fortunately for the spectator, the evening ends with a short play by Mr. Mankowitz (done early this year) that has a little more theatrical authority. "Something tremendous is always going to happen," says a character in "The Boychik." Perhaps. In the theatre promise is not enough. We must have performance.

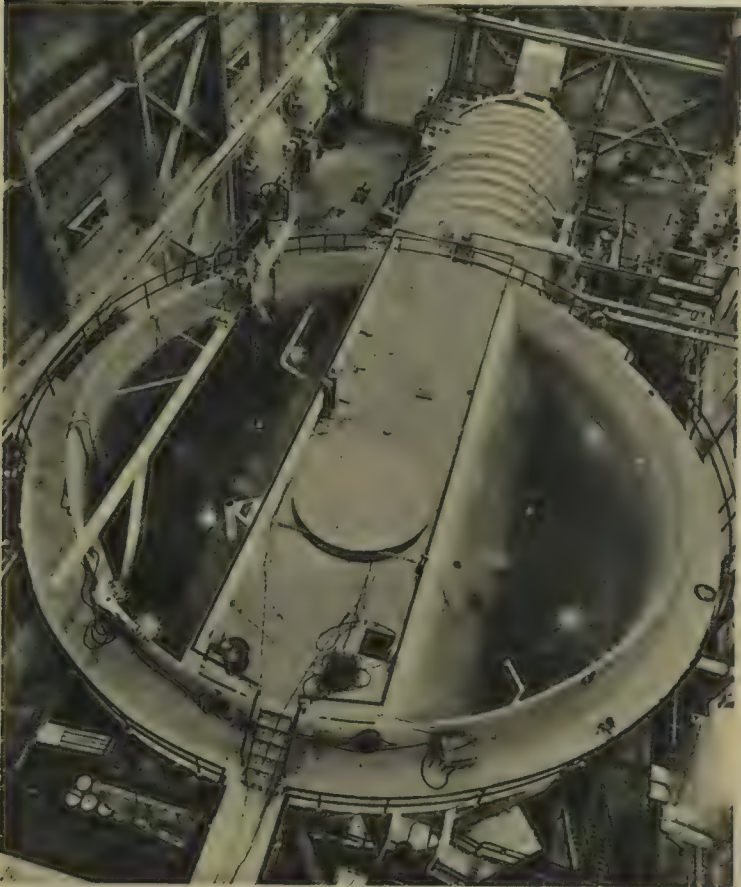
FROM FAR AND NEAR: A CAMERA RECORD OF SOME CURRENT EVENTS.



DEMOLISHING ONE CHURCH TO REBUILD ANOTHER: THE REV. VIVIAN SYMONS AT WORK ON THE ROOF OF ALL SAINTS CHURCH AT CAMBERWELL, WHICH IS BEING DISMANTLED. The Rev. Vivian Symons, with the help of clergymen and a group of volunteers, is busy demolishing the remains of the bomb-damaged church of All Saints at Camberwell. This church, no longer required in Camberwell, will be re-erected at Biggin Hill in the Rev. Vivian Symons' parish, which is without a church.



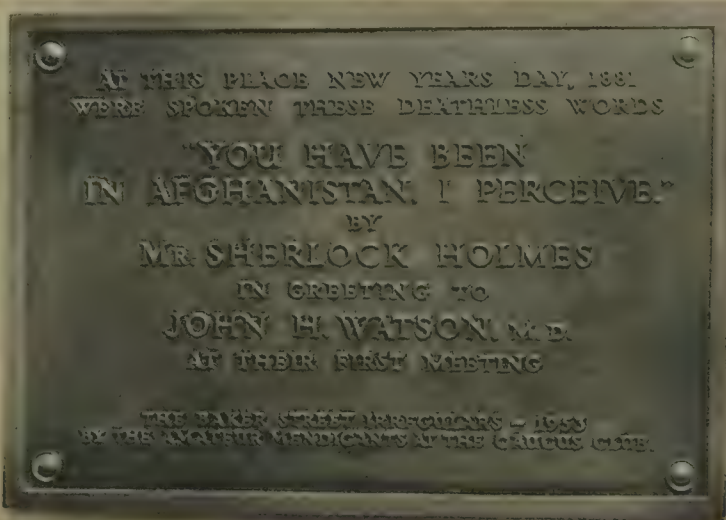
A SOMERSET MANOR FOR THE NATION: TINTINHULL HOUSE, NEAR YEOVIL, WHICH HAS BEEN GIVEN TO THE NATIONAL TRUST. OUR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE GARDEN FRONT. The National Trust have announced the gift from Mrs. P. E. Reiss of Tintinhull House, which stands on the outskirts of Tintinhull, some five miles from Yeovil, in Somerset. This delightful stone-built house dates from the seventeenth century, the front being of the late seventeenth or early eighteenth century.



AT THE NATIONAL REACTOR TESTING STATION IN IDAHO: A LAND-BASED HULL CONTAINING THE PROTOTYPE ATOMIC PLANT SIMILAR TO THAT WHICH IS TO PROPEL THE U.S. SUBMARINE NAUTILUS.



"THE BEGINNING OF A NEW CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF SEA POWER": THE LAUNCHING OF THE WORLD'S FIRST ATOMIC-POWERED SUBMARINE, THE U.S.S. NAUTILUS, AT GROTON, CONNECTICUT. On January 21 Mrs. Eisenhower launched the submarine *Nautilus*, the first ship to be propelled by atomic power, at Groton, Connecticut. So far the vessel is engineless. Her nuclear reactor, built in a concrete structure in the Idaho desert (see photograph above, left), is too heavy for the slipway and is to be inserted in the hull later. It is estimated that the submarine's submerged speed will be more than twenty knots, and that she will be able to circumnavigate the globe without refuelling.



(ABOVE.) ERECTED AT ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL: A BRONZE PLAQUE TO COMMEMORATE THE FIRST MEETING BETWEEN SHERLOCK HOLMES AND DR. WATSON. IT HAS BEEN PUT UP BY A SOCIETY OF SHERLOCKIANS IN NORTH AMERICA. (LEFT.) A LANDMARK CRASHES TO THE GROUND: THE OLD TOLBOOTH STEEPLE AT HAMILTON, IN LANARKSHIRE, WHICH HAS BEEN DEMOLISHED. THE STRUCTURE WAS BADLY UNDERMINED BY WATER AND CONSIDERED DANGEROUS.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

SOME critics can announce offhand who is the greatest living writer, who is the second greatest, and so on pretty well *ad lib*—as though they had the class list in their heads. Of course they don't always agree; but even so, it is a feat that leaves me gasping. In my own mind, such questions merely produce a total silence of ideas, as though the candidates had ducked for cover. I am not now trying to chip in; and yet "Except the Lord," by Joyce Cary (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), does actually, and not for the first time, suggest a possible superlative, which it would be a waste to throw away. In this country, at least, this, surely, is the most imposing novelist alive. By which I mean, the most exclusively to be respected. His novels don't strictly absorb; each is an alien world, which one can't join and may not even get the hang of, yet which succeeds by sheer patrician weight. Still, we are bound to wonder, what is the impediment? Nothing distinctly wrong—nothing of spite or coldness in the author, which would infallibly appear. I can imagine two solutions. First, there is no impediment, except the reader's want of wit, and claim to be provided with an understanding. Or, secondly, the writer is too scrupulous, too intellectually detached, too sociologically diffident. He can't simply let go, in the assurance that all men are brothers. For him they are all alien and strange in their cocoons of circumstance; one can examine them, but not impinge. And so it turns out in his books.

Not that "Except the Lord" is an extreme example. It is the apology of Chester Nimmo, Radical leader, demagogue and humbug, in his disgraced old age, framed as the story of his youth. Of course the leading figure is equivocal from the first word; he is sincere and powerful, unctuous and self-exposed, in one bewildering concatenation. Yet his dubieties hardly affect the tale, which is quite straight, unusually intense, and far too massive to describe. It is the story of a wild boy from the Devon moors, whose father, a self-educated yokel, preached the Second Coming. The Nimmos once had their own farm; then they were thrown out into Shagbrook, into a bitter and dependent poverty. They were all riddled with high-mindedness: and, in the younger generation, with resentment, pride and an impassioned longing for escape. Richard contrived to glide away—first into Oxford, that "mysterious heaven," then to an inner citadel of failure. The fiery eldest girl became a tragic and imperious drudge. Chester was the ambitious one, though his self-seeking had to be sanctified in a big way. He turned from God because the Second Coming was a fiasco: and commenced agitator, partly from rage at his own lot, but partly, too, under the strong spur of "Maria Marten," which he had seen at Lilmouth Fair.

But there is no space for his fall and rise: his day of cruelty and glory, or his not highly creditable reconversion. Nor would a full account give any better view of the rich, dense and wonderfully gripping narrative. If we are still to some extent outside, we are at least glued to the window-pane.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Ever-Interesting Topic," by William Cooper (Cape; 12s. 6d.), is a less brilliant specimen of its own kind—or to be frank, rather a disappointment. It is a study of headmaster trouble at Monteagle School. Tom Prinsep was a peculiar choice for an antique and orthodox foundation; though there is nothing wrong with him, except his pet division of humanity into the up-to-date and the old-stagers. He is a gay, brisk, affable ideologue, without a grain of common sense—or to be more precise, of human instinct. And he is soon said to be having trouble with his staff. In fact, the second master, a tough, indomitable little Scot with a propensity to bees, gave just one look at him and declared war. Since then he has been ardently recruiting, and in full activity. And now Tom has a bright idea. Why not sex-education for the school, on the most modern lines?

Tom can't see anything against it. His friends forbear to speak—and when the rumpus starts, forbear to back him; they are all tepid statesmanship, whereas his enemies are red-hot with crusading zeal. So Tom is out; and the next head, a dazzling superannuated cleric, launches a Purity Campaign. It is all quietly funny and perceptive; but (for this writer) not hilarious enough.

"Gentian Violet," by Edward Hyams (Longmans; 10s. 6d.), is the surprising drama of a double-faced young man. One of the faces has a beard; it is the property of James Stewart-Blundel, D.S.O., an ex-Naval Commander and Conservative M.P. The other, shaven and banal, announces mere Jim Blundel, a scion of the working class, who would quite naturally put up as a Socialist to please his brother Ted. True, he was confident of being defeated. But he got in; and what is worse, he and Stewart-Blundel find themselves protagonists on either side, in the debate on pnyxite. Of course, they can't cross swords, but they are bound to slang each other *in absentia*. And then, Stewart-Blundel has a wife—the lovely Gentian, whose mother went out charring, but who is now a Girton graduate, a millionairess by adoption, and a commercial Ceres. And secrecy is not good for their wedded bliss. . . . The plot gets more ingenious all the way; the tone is eminently lively, and the satire stings.

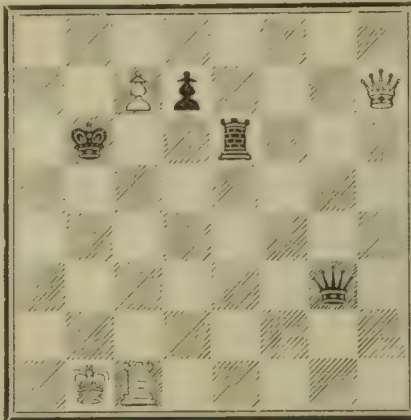
"The Gingerbread Man," by Richard Parker (Collins; 10s. 6d.), should be three-starred at once. A journalist named David Stone has gone up to the north of Scotland with his family, just to avoid all backwash from an impending and sensational exposure of black marketeers. But the address appears in his own paper; and one day on a mountain-side, he is confronted by the big shot Isaac Marris and a troop of thugs. Marris demands revision of the text, with very nasty circumstance. And David is no thriller-hero; he is scared stiff, and has four children on his hands. . . . Yet his collapse is only the beginning. I can't deal with the later stages, full of suspense and comedy. But this is something quite out of the way—what with its unheroic hero, its natural and funny though unsavoury crooks, and the engaging presence of the children. These are all excellent; and Saul, the youngest, is a knockout.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE position in the diagram has an interesting tale to tell. Note that whereas Black's pawn is still on its original square, White's is only one square from queening and, in fact, nothing—except apparent suicide on Black's part—can prevent it from queening next move.

BLACK (to move).



WHITE.

Consequently Black, though on terms with White as far as material is concerned, appears to be faced with disaster.

Yet he can force a draw without difficulty, by making use of a bit of technical knowledge which is rare even among strong players.

He plays 1. . . Q×P and, after the natural reply 2. R×Q, continues 2. . . K×R.

White will probably be in a very good humour by now, but is faced with a sad disillusionment, for the game has reached one of those special positions in which, with due care by the defending party, rook and pawn draw against queen.

Black only needs to anchor his rook on K3 or QB3 to prevent White's king from advancing beyond the fifth rank. Checks by the queen can never drive away Black's king from the pawn, or his rook from these two squares.

Rook and pawn *versus* queen! This is a tremendous discrepancy, equivalent, on normal valuations, to more than a bishop or knight.

You would think that all strong players would have committed these special positions to memory, but even many masters have not.

Here, for instance, if Black's pawn were more advanced, e.g., on Q3 or Q4 instead of Q2, he could lose, because there is room for the queen to get round behind the pawn, more or less stalemate the Black king, and thus force him to play the rook forward so that White's king can get round behind as well, after which the pawn is doomed.

Reuben Fine has summarised the special position as follows: if the pawn is a knight's pawn or a bishop's pawn it draws almost always. The draw is only possible with a centre pawn if it is on the second, sixth or seventh rank, and if it is a rook's pawn it must be on the third, sixth or seventh rank to draw.

If this all seems rather like going back to school, I can only say that the bliss of discomfiting an opponent by utilising such tucked-away knowledge to effect an almost miraculous "save" has to be experienced to be believed!

K. JOHN.

THE BATTLES OF BRITAIN.

I NEVER cease to marvel at the paradoxes exhibited by the British Navy during its great years at the turn of the eighteenth century. The post-captain in command of a "seventy-four" or a "ninety-eight" was faced with a situation of incredible perplexity. His wardroom was filled with officers who owed their promotion to "interest"; his fo'c'sle with, to all intents and purposes, a chain-gang; his gunroom with a preparatory school. Yet these were the days of the First of June, of Cape St. Vincent and Trafalgar; of Rodney, Hawke, Howe and Nelson. The Navy Records Society have just published the first volume of a series of singularly interesting reminiscences, under the title of "Dillon's Narrative 1790-1839" (45s.), being the narrative of the professional adventures of Vice-Admiral Sir William Henry Dillon, K.C.H. (which I take to mean Knight Commander of the now extinct Order of Hanover).

Dillon entered the Navy in 1790, at the age of ten. Before he had been a year at sea, we find him fighting a duel—informal, but of a sufficiently serious kind—with an elderly midshipman of eighteen. The barbarities which we tend to associate with the Navy at that period are altogether overshadowed by a surprising mildness. Dillon tells us of his first interview with his captain, Sir Andrew Douglas: "Sir Andrew, taking me by the hand in a courteous manner, expressed his satisfaction at my having joined his ship." (Is this, I wonder, the normal manner in which a modern midshipman is received?) Some potential lower-deck mutineers "were dismissed, and cautioned to mind what they were about." At the age of fourteen, Lord Hawke tells Dillon: "You have already, young as you are, seen more fighting service than some of our Admirals." He had, indeed, been at the Battle of the First of June, where he had been slightly wounded, and gives a graphic description of the action: "When I spoke to him"—a young man who had lost a part of his arm—"he was quite cheerful, not seeming to mind his misfortune. He was eating a piece of buttered biscuit as if nothing had happened. It was a very gratifying circumstance to witness so many acts of heroic bravery that were displayed on board our ship. Patriotic sentences were uttered that would have done honour to the noblest minds: yet these were expressed by the humblest class of men." Dillon is not an attractive character. He is a snob; he is a prig; he is pert; self-righteous, self-opinionated, self-laudatory. Listen to him as he crosses the Equator for the second time, aged sixteen, and one of the seamen shows signs of wanting to give him the traditional ducking: "'You are probably not aware,' said I, 'that I have already passed these latitudes, and am free from any visitation of the nature which I see you are trying to inflict upon me. If you persist, and should succeed in wetting me, depend upon it—you will repent your proceedings, for I will not submit to anything of the kind. Take care what you are about, and recollect I have given you warning.'" (Collapse of stout seaman!) But for all that, Dillon commands our reluctant admiration, and his reminiscences make splendid reading, as well as affording an important source of naval history. The editor, Mr. Michael A. Lewis, has done a magnificent piece of work. His short introductions to each section are perfect in their kind.

A century and a half later, very different battles were taking place, in a different element—although the existence of Britain was no less at stake. H.M. Stationery Office have published the first of three volumes telling the story of the Royal Air Force, 1939-1945. This first volume (13s. 6d.) covers the period 1939-1941, and is the work of Mr. Denis Richards. Amply documented and furnished with good maps and illustrations, it represents one of the most thorough and reliable official histories ever produced by any of the three Service Departments. But it is much more. Mr. Richards is an accomplished writer, fully capable of rising to the heights demanded by the R.A.F.'s achievement. His chapters on the Battle of Britain and on the Blitz are masterpieces. One quotation must serve: "One of the supreme qualities of these young men—few of them older than twenty-five—was their light-hearted refusal to take either dangers or their achievements seriously. They had that natural buoyancy of spirit which comes from robust youth, perfect health and an adventurous disposition; they demanded of existence not that it should be long or leisured, but that it should be lively. Hence they applied to celebrations and 'parties' the sentiments of Voltaire about the Deity: if a 'party' did not exist, it would be necessary to invent one. But usually it did exist; and if it was a party with the enemy, so much the better. In the main gloriously extrovert—the self-analysis of a Richard Hillary was quite untypical—they drank cheerfully of life, with few questions as to the quality of the beverage; and if death struck the cup from their hands long before the dregs were reached, there were worse ends than one which was sudden, swift and encountered in the service of what they held dear." A great theme, greatly treated.

It was with difficulty that I persuaded my elder son to surrender to me the 1953-54 edition of "Jane's All the World's Aircraft" (Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

£4 4s., compiled and edited by Leonard Bridgman. It is not long since I proclaimed myself in this column a devoted "Janeite," and here comes fresh reason for devotion. I am too old, alas! to acquire the complicated art of aircraft-spotting; in my young day, we were content to recognise "monoplanes," "biplanes" and "seaplanes," though the rare appearance of these simply distinguished types gave us, I like to think, more of a thrill than that experienced by the jet-satiated youth of to-day. It is a comment upon how much air (so to speak) has slipped from our stream during the past thirty years or so that the list of the world's airlines now occupies some twenty-five pages of "Jane's." We have indeed flown fast and far.

If the New Year were to pass without the appearance of "Whitaker's Almanack," I should be convinced that the Last Trump was about to sound. I can think of no office, and of very few private individuals, who can afford to go through the year without this classic work of reference. The 1954 edition (15s.) breaks new ground, for it contains a section of illustrations covering, as such sections tend to cover, notable events, from the Coronation to the Test Match.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

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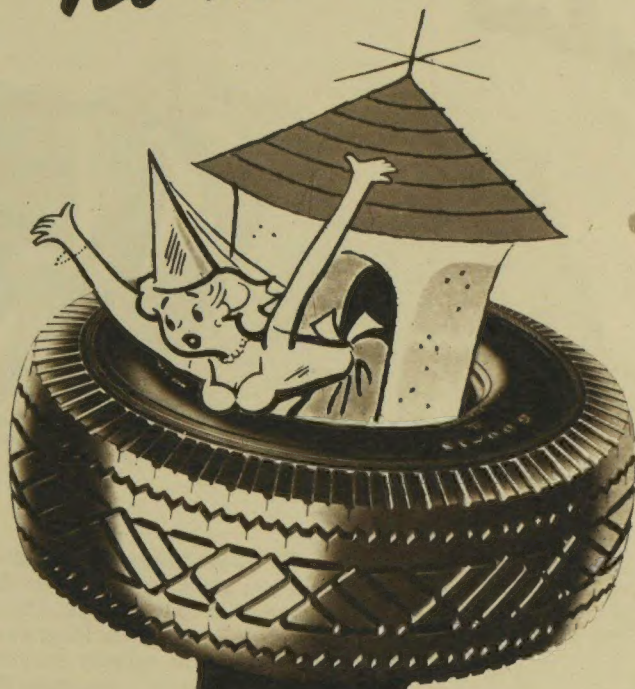
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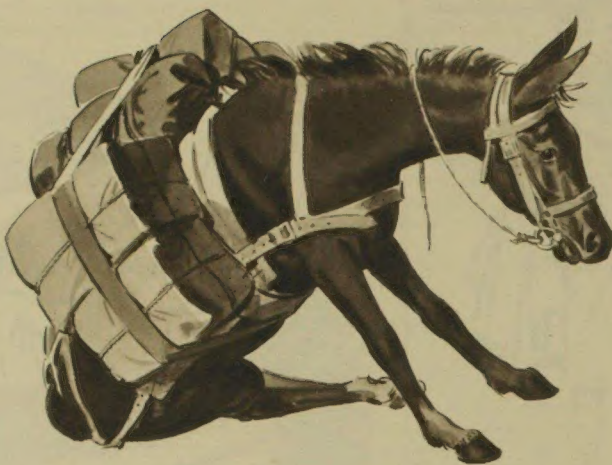
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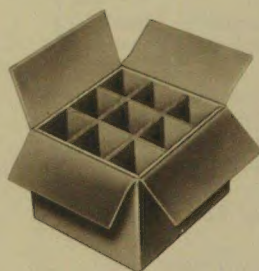


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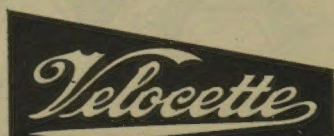
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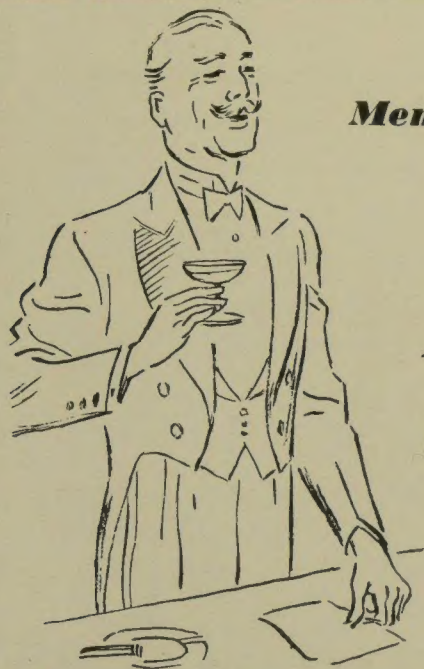
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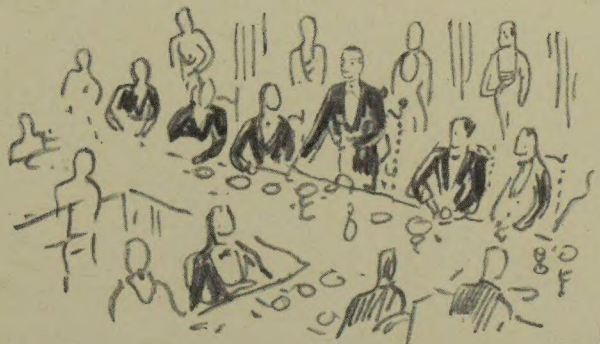


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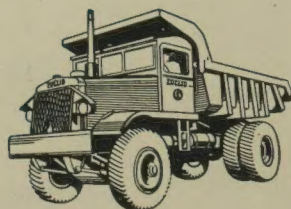


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